

# Catholic Digest

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**W**E MUST believe the miracles of our Lord actually took place, and at the same time were intended to signify something to us. The blind man is indeed a figure of mankind, driven out from the joys of Paradise in the person of its first parent, knowing not the glory of the heavenly light, and suffering the darkness of its condemnation. But nevertheless he is enlightened in the presence of his Redeemer; so that now he possesses in desire the joys of inward light, and by good works begins to walk in the way of life.

St. Gregory in Matins of Quinquagesima Sunday

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

CATHOLIC DIGEST BLDG., 41 E. EIGHTH ST., ST. PAUL, 2, MINNESOTA

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*No return of the native*

## I'm Not Going Back

By MICHAEL KORIAKOFF

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**N**EVORACHENETZ is a long, ugly Russian word which is by way of becoming Anglicized. Daily the news reports increasing numbers of men who have escaped the iron curtain and availed themselves of opportunities to say the final word which places them forever among official traitors to their country. They are the *nevozorachenetz*. Their stories are often dramatic, for their words have the eloquence that comes with truth too long suppressed. Almost visible in their telling is the bitterness they feel in the thought that they are losing the Russia they love so well. Their numbers and the circumstances of their increase lend force to the claims they uniformly make that the Russia we confront is not the true Russia, that beyond and below the façade of communism, the iron rule of bureaus and a party, are the people, whose only true spokesmen are *nevozorachenetz*.

Captain Michael Koriakoff was born in 1911 in a Siberian village. He was a child when Lenin took power. He was a student at the Moscow Institute of Philosophy, History and Literature during the years when the Revolution was achieving permanence. Journalist and writer before the war, he was an instrument for propaganda under Stalin. When Hitler invaded Russia, he entered the Red army as a private, received the Red Star for bravery, and was made captain in the 6th Air force, to which he was assigned as correspondent. He was captured in the last futile sortie of Field Marshal Scherner's armored "Brandenburg" division. He was brought before the chief of German military intelligence, who had worked with the Russians of General Vlassoff's captured army in publishing *The Voice of the People*, a paper which strove to lure Russians to Hitler.

\**Pourquoi je ne rentre pas en URSS. As serialized in Cahiers du Monde Nouveau, 185 Rue de la Pompe, Paris, XVI, France; as condensed in Digeste Catholique, November, 1947.*

His contact with the Russian-German communist-fascists showed that communism and fascism were not opposites, and led to his treason. One may ask why he did not then expose them. His account is written only after he had broken with his past. His conversation recorded here antedated the memoirs by almost a year. But he was a prisoner, and freedom meant only change of address. After the war ended, his standing in Russia was not officially questioned. But assignment to her embassy in Paris to direct the Soviet *News of the Homeland*, he had reason to consider merely a probation.

Upon receiving an order in March, 1946, to return immediately to Russia, he escaped from the embassy despite the vigilance of the omnipresent NKVD. He became a *nevozorachenetz*, taking up a life of peril in the attempt to reveal to the world the evils of the regime which now controls his country. He is convinced that the mass of Russians share his ideas, but he is convinced that they can attain their ultimate destiny of freedom only through themselves.

His article, largely a conversation between two propagandists of seemingly irreconcilable systems, is nevertheless an impassioned plea for the true Russia.—Ed.

I was having dinner under the porch awning when I heard a booming and sonorous voice, a Russian voice, "Petka! great news! Adolf is dead!" The Russian soldiers who were seated in the sun, cleaning their rifles, began

to laugh. I did not immediately understand which Adolf the speaker meant. But going out with my guard beside me, I saw on the wall a great piece of yellow paper: *Unser Führer ist tot*.

The men had just been assembled in the yard. An officer was telling them that the Führer's successor, Admiral Doenitz, had asked an armistice of the Allies. An amusing thought occurred to me: as a war correspondent, what was I now? A prisoner? An envoy from Allied headquarters making the company his prisoner? Or was I only an Allied journalist witnessing the fall of the Third Reich from the inside?

I was brought before Otto, chief of the German war correspondents. In the room were five or six officers. One of them attracted attention by his small body topped by a large round head on a neck that was too thin. It was Hoppe, one of the best-known German journalists.

"After all the grilling you have had in our headquarters," began Otto as he motioned me to a chair, "you must be thinking 'Here's another to go through. And for what?' Well, the war is over; we have no intention of subjecting you to a cross-examination. The quarrel is over between us. Would you like to attempt, without quarreling, to see the issue clearly? Let's look closely. What happened?"

"What happened?" I answered, "You have given up. We have won. Everything is so clear and so evident that we don't have to look closely."

"You have won," Otto said. "But



why? You personally, did you always believe you would win?"

"To tell the truth, not always. The Russians have complex, contradictory feelings. Before the war, the people wanted war, but a war that would free Russia from bolshevism."

"When the war came the sympathy of the Russian people was on our side," said Hoppe. "Millions of Russians surrendered, unwilling to fight for Stalin. But what happened afterwards? Why did the Russians change their minds?"

"You are wrong in thinking they changed their minds," I answered, "and you are not the only one to take that view of the matter. It is nothing but an oversimplified analysis that fails to reflect the complex Russian psychology. The truth is that the Russians could not admit that liberation could come from the Germans. A Russian writer, Aksakoff, said, 'It is not from German hands that we can accept happiness.' This thought, though it might not have been conscious, has always been in the minds of the Russians. It is true that, psychologically, the people were not ready to fight, because they were expecting a war that would free them from tyranny. But a war of conquest that could mean only new tyranny came, and our people did fight."

"The Russian people were hostile to the Germans not only from the beginning of the war in Russia, but from the very beginning of the war. The German-Russian alliance was unpopular. Why, we practically joked openly

about the telegrams that passed between our *vojd* and your Führer. There was an evolution toward hatred in Russian psychology as the war progressed. Hatred is not in the nature of the Russian, but, as the war went on, the Russian learned to hate. If it is true that unless we hate we cannot conquer, it must be admitted that you have contributed quite enough to our victory."

Hoppe bent his head, round as a pumpkin. "Let's talk without hostility, will you, please? Let us not forget that the quarrel is over. One must look at things without passion. You think that your lack of psychological preparation, as you put it, contributed to our first success, don't you? But the lack of material preparation by Stalin, didn't it contribute as much?"

"You confront me with a thorny question," I said, laughing. "Stalin's failure to prepare is Stalin's crime, the crime of the directing Soviet group. For 20 years the people were primed for the 'defense of the land.' The leaders got together a mountain of lies. 'We will fight only on the other man's ground.' 'The war will cost very little blood.' And so on. When the war broke out the state's lack of preparation became completely evident. Let us not discuss details, the chaos that reigned in the armies of defense, the bankruptcy of management. As an officer in the air force, I knew well the state of our aviation. Before the war the number of fighter planes in proportion to the number of bomber planes was practically zero. Why?

Who was to blame for enemy control of the air and our lack of fighter planes? Marshal Stalin? Marshal Voroshiloff? Very likely both."

"That's the first point," Hoppe said. "Second point: that there was no psychological preparation."

"As to psychological preparation, here is a story that comes to mind. It happened below Moscow, near Volokolamak, in November, 1941. At that time I was a simple defense soldier. The sector had been quiet for a week or two; only now and then did we hear mines exploding. We were all seated around the stove; we kept quiet, each occupied with his own thoughts. All at once, a comrade, a soldier like myself, Aliocha Achmeteff, who was a painter, said, 'I don't know why, but I've been thinking of my village at Pentecost time, of the odor of the whitethorns, the birch trees decked out with ribbons. The old church in our village had a bell that we called the 100-ton bell. One man alone could not ring it. Several peasants would have to pull for a long time just to get it swinging. But when they finally succeeded, what a ringing it was! One would have said that it rolled over the whole earth.'

"That bell is an image of the Russian people. Slow to move, but once moving, what power! That's the way we started at Moscow, and rolled to Berlin and Dresden."

"That is extremely interesting," said Hoppe. "The bell . . . I have always thought that: it is not bolshevism that has beaten us, but the Russians."

"In spite of bolshevism," I added. "Right now our newspapers are proclaiming the victory of the 'Soviet Regime.' The party has turned loose a pack of journalists who rival one another in extolling the 'military genius' of Stalin, declaring that, without the Committee of the Party, victory would have been impossible. We can have some doubts concerning Stalin's talent for strategy; as to the talent of the communists in defending the fatherland, it was indisputably mediocre. I met a former communist today in your German army who was once a political commissar attached to the Russian army—a living proof of what I mean. It is not the communist who has brought the victory; it is the simple soldier, the man of the people, who belongs to no party, and who doesn't reason things out. Russia won the war despite the attempt of bolshevism to deform the Russian nature. The people kept themselves intact. Their armor lost none of its luster during two centuries of Tartar rule, and none during the bolshevist regime."

"But by defending Russia the simple, unreasoning soldier defended bolshevism, of which, according to you, he wanted to be rid," Hoppe said.

"A tragic contradiction," I admitted. "Historians will have to solve an enigma: how the Russians who were waiting for a war that would free them from bolshevism, all arose to battle when the war broke out, and not only saved bolshevism, but also—take a look at the map—have permitted it to spread over practically all Europe. The

answer is to be found perhaps in the same words of Aksakoff, 'It is not from German hands that we will accept happiness.'"

"And you do not believe that during the war there was produced a fusion of the people with bolshevism?"

"No, I do not believe it. Stalin exploits the different qualities of the Russian people, in particular its spiritual aspirations. The maneuvering in connection with the Russian Church is an example."

"But whatever you say, Russia's victory is a victory for bolshevism."

"By no means. The capitulation of Germany does not mean the end of the war. The victory of bolshevism is not a lasting one; it will inevitably crumble. Russia can never realize herself in bolshevism because it distorts the Russian national soul. The victory brought home by bolshevism today is not a definitive victory."

"The war is not over for you?" Otto asked. "Then we will pose a problem for you. We will not consider you a prisoner. You are free. Where will you go? Back home, east? or west?"


"To Tahiti . . ." I replied, and I was sincere when I said it.

Underneath my joking was hidden

a longing for a free and honest life. The thought of returning "to my own," to a stultifying system hateful to me, the idea of going back to all those lies that, like cobwebs, have woven themselves around the man of the Soviet, I could not stand. I had made up my mind to follow another road. On this road I have suffered and have had trials. But on it the Lord sustained me. He put His right hand on me and said, "Do not be afraid." Is it possible for me to change my course now?

The day was drawing to a close. From the village, by an abrupt path, I went down toward the Elbe. Purple and blue shadows stretched themselves over the mountain. A freshness that made me want to live again rose up from the river. Lying flat on the large stones of the river bank, I lowered myself toward the water; I washed my face, doused my head with the cool water.

A faint vision was dancing before my eyes: Siberia, the same rocky and wooded mountains, a river strong as this one. Where are you, Siberia? Where are you, my homeland? What country and what skies will open themselves before me?



### *Statement Unsigned*

**W**HEN the editor of a Nevada newspaper was hard up one week for matter with which to fill his columns, he had his compositor set up the Ten Commandments, and ran them without any editorial comment. After the paper was published he received a letter.

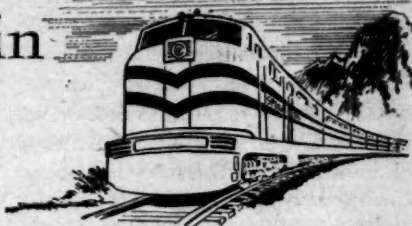
"Cancel my subscription. You're getting too personal."

*Christian Friends Bulletin (Nov. '47).*

# Freedom Train

By ROBERT FLEMING

Condensed from the *Eagle*\*



**T**HE symbol of America's faith in its future is a traveling museum, the Freedom Train. Sleek, specially constructed, the train takes its name from the message of the 135 historic documents it is carrying on a year's tour of more than 300 American cities.

The Freedom Train is the brain child of Attorney-General Tom Clark, born of his boyhood view of the Liberty Bell when it was taken on a nation-wide tour. Millions of Americans are expected to view and adopt this "child" as their own during the Freedom Train's tour.

Many of the papers on the Freedom Train are old and faded. Nearly half of them antedate the creation of the U. S. But all convey a common message: the American people can and will meet every challenge.

It is a little staggering to find so much history in three railroad cars. One of the oldest documents is a letter from Christopher Columbus to a Spanish official, reciting the harrowing story of the little band of men who discovered the New World. From even earlier times is the 13th-century manuscript of the Magna Charta, in which British King John was forced to grant rights to his subjects. In those

days there were no white men in America, but the Magna Charta was an ancestor of this nation.

Also on display is the Mayflower Compact, the agreement drawn up by the Pilgrims before they landed, to outline their new government. There is the original Pennsylvania Charter of Privileges, signed by William Penn in 1701, and formally setting forth principles that still guide Americans.

Many great papers recall Colonial days and the beginning of the Revolution. The protest against the Stamp Act (1765), Thomas Jefferson's statement of the rights of the colonists, his rough draft of the Declaration of Independence, together with a subsequent official copy used by Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane to seek recognition abroad for the infant nation are there.

Other documents tell the story of the Colonies fighting for freedom: Paul Revere's commission as an official messenger, the Continental Congress' act increasing the power of Gen. George Washington, the handbills reciting the victory at Lexington, and finally the news of Lord Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown, all of which lead up to the Treaty of Paris, signed

\*212 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, 3, Wis. November, 1947.

in 1783, in which Britain recognized American independence.

More documents tell how the Constitution was drafted and recall that several states were reluctant to approve it because no mention was made of human rights. Thomas Jefferson led those of that sentiment; his protesting letters are on the train. And finally there is James Madison's letter proposing ten amendments that were adopted and became known as The Bill of Rights (1789).

Parallel exhibits to the principal ones cover important events—Roger Williams' statement on religious freedom; the *Bay Psalm Book*, first book printed in the 13 American colonies; Alexander Hamilton's report on public credit; the two stirring papers on the flag, the manuscript account of the first raising of the American flag in battle at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., on Aug. 3, 1777, and Francis Scott Key's manuscript of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, written after he watched the futile British attempt to capture Fort McHenry in Baltimore harbor.

Of obvious impact are two of Washington's papers. One is his criticism of "armchair generals" who did not give the Continental troops proper credit for their efforts. The other is the account book which he kept in the Revolutionary war. Washington, when he took command, said he would make no charge for his services, but would record his expenses for postwar settlement by Congress. The book, in his own handwriting, shows that he spent more than \$160,000. So accurate were

his accounts that a later audit showed his only discrepancy was failure to claim  $\frac{89}{90}$  of one dollar that was due him. His famous *Farewell Address* of 1796, after his second term as president, is shown in his handwriting.

Abraham Lincoln is also represented. The Emancipation Proclamation, both in Lincoln's manuscript and in the formal text, is on view, as is his *Gettysburg Address*. It is the handwritten copy that he held as he declared that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

There are many other 18th and 19th-century papers, including the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, which granted citizens' rights to people in outlying territories; the application of Deborah Gannett for a pension, affirming that she served three years in the guise of a man during the Revolutionary war; Patrick Henry's instructions to George Rogers Clark; Benjamin Franklin's famous epitaph; Andrew Jackson's description of the Battle of New Orleans in 1815.

Almost as if the curators considered the 1st World War a futile effort to establish world peace, it is disregarded in the documents, though the 2nd World War receives considerable attention.

President Roosevelt's declaration of a state of unlimited emergency in 1941, the selection of Gen. Dwight Eisenhower as the Allied commander for the invasion of Europe, the last message from Corregidor, and various battle reports precede the triumphal



surrender documents. Several flags, including the one flown over the battleship *Missouri* at the Japanese surrender and the Iwo Jima flag raised by marines on Mt. Surabachi, are in the collection.

The train, composed of the three display cars and four others for equipment and the Marine Corps guard of honor, is a handsome one. It is painted

red, white and blue. The documents are displayed in special plastic and metal cases, and the cars are protected against almost any emergency.

But the mechanical efficiency of the train is overshadowed by its precious cargo. Certainly, no thinking American can view the Freedom Train without feeling a surge of gratitude to the men who have built this nation.

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*Mighty music*

## Carillon Concerto

By JANE CARTER

Condensed from *Travel*\*



**I**t is late Sunday afternoon at Princeton. People, standing or in cars at the base of the ivy-clad graduate-school tower, converse quietly. Suddenly the music of bells cascades into the air. In resounding arpeggios and runs, the great clappers silence all the other sounds and stir sparrows to frenzy. Soon the brilliant fantasy vibrates from every rock and tree. Delighted, the visitors gaze skyward as though disbelieving the source of such strangely wonderful music.

Summer, winter, springtime or autumn, every Sunday Princeton is regaled with an hour's concert starting

at 3:45 P.M., with special programs on Christmas eve, Alumni day, Easter sunrise, and Commencement day in June.

Arthur Bigelow, the bellmaster, is a pleasant-faced, soft-spoken Yankee who trained in the famous carillon school of Malines, Belgium, and for years played the magnificent bells of neighboring Louvain. He is passionately proud of his carillon and happy to talk about it. Given to the university by the class of 1892, it is housed in the Grover Cleveland Memorial tower. On the town's highest hill, the site of the Revolutionary Battle of

\*200 E. 37th St., New York City, 16. October, 1947.

Princeton, the belfry is a landmark visible for miles.

First we are shown the Memorial room on the ground floor, and peek into its thick visitors' book. Mr. Bigelow tilts his head toward the concave ceiling, smooth and white and high. He hums a note or two and then sings a quick series of tones. So rapidly do the notes echo and re-echo that they return in a long, organ-like chord that sustains itself more than a minute.

The bellmaster smiles with boyish satisfaction before leading the way up a narrow circular stairway, lighted every few feet from a slit in the wall.

We pass a keyboard, and go up the stairway to the dark bronze bells. Their inert mass is overwhelming. Forty-nine in number, they range from the enormous six-and-one-half-ton bourdon, or bass bell, to the 13-pound treble, only seven inches across. Two-thirds of the bells, those in the middle and highest octaves, hang from fir and oak beams, in contrast to the steel beams of the larger bells at the base; for Europeans believe a bell's best sonority is obtained when it is fastened to wood. Cast in Croydon, England, along with three octaves of mates, the Princeton bourdon contains a lucky sixpence tossed into the molten metal by the delegate of the class of 1892.

A famous artist, Anton Brees, son of the bellmaster of Antwerp, played the initial concert in June, 1927, the dedication ceremony of the first university carillon in the world. The same year, the greatest bellmaster of all

time, Jef Denijn, also came to Princeton to perform. Late bellmaster of St. Rombold's cathedral in Malines, he was an ardent protagonist of the revival of the carillon before being killed in a blackout accident during the war.

Bell metal is an alloy of four parts copper to one tin; and one might say that the development of bells began as man entered the bronze age. He must have soon noticed the superior tonal quality of this new metal when formed into pots and bowls, as compared with earlier bone or shell rattles. In Asia the pottery forms were developed into gongs and barrel bells, which sometimes even had a sort of musical scale when struck with a hammer. But they never went further. In the West a cup form became general, with either an inside or outside clapper. Perhaps the early bell was a refinement of a crude pebble-filled rattle, with the end of the rattle left open and the stone attached.

Since *tintinnabulum* means "tinkling" in onomatopoeic Latin, the first bells must have been quite tiny. In the 9th century the casting of bronze bells took root on the Continent, with the important addition of a ring of metal at the lip of the bell. This lip is the secret of a bell's strike-tone, as well as a protection against breakage. As bells increased in size they took on a beehive form and were soon "shaken" from wooden stocks rather than rung by hand.

Around 1200, the lines became more concave, with a thickly bulging lip

below and a sharp edge on the outside. This archaic bell had a richer, stronger tone than that of its primitive ancestor. Within another 100 years bells all over Europe reached a stage of development with which the Latin countries, in particular, rested content. In Italy, Spain, and Latin America bells were long and narrow-shouldered in form. For Latins it was enough if a bell rang or, if there were several of them, they could "chase" each other around the belfry."

But such performance did not satisfy the people of England or the Low Countries. In England during feudal times, a bell at evening signified that it was time to cover the fire. Town criers announced public sales; warning bells were lashed at dangerous coastal points (where pirates, stealing them, caused shipwreck), and others struck the time. Tolling the hour with a bourdon, or bass bell, soon developed into chimes such as at Westminster. Other chimes in church belfries gently rocked the countryside.

The Flemings wanted even more from their bell towers, which were the greatest chartered privilege of the Middle Ages. As the Low Countries became more wealthy with growth of trade, they began to experience a cultural awakening, and induced skilled craftsmen to create musical instruments. They encouraged musicians as well, and their influence was felt throughout all Europe.

By trial and error a new technique was evolved in which a bell was cast slightly thicker than necessary. Sunk

upside down in a pit, it was then chiseled inside until it produced a tone matching that of a tuning fork of the desired pitch.

Once perfected, the bells of Flanders were produced for four centuries. To the research and craftsmanship of this artistic people mankind is indebted for resonantly beautiful carillons the world over.

England later manufactured fine, though less musical bells. Big Ben, weighing  $13\frac{1}{2}$  tons, was made in 1858. Much fiction has been based on its alleged booming of 13 strokes once on the hour of midnight. The great bell of Cologne cathedral, cast from captured French cannon metal, weighs  $27\frac{1}{2}$  tons. German bells are usually sharp in tone.

True to her geography, Russia cast the largest bell ever made. The Tsar Kolokol, weighing 193 tons, was never rung because a huge piece broke off. Elaborately garlanded with minaret and cross, this mighty bell was set in a Moscow square for all to marvel at.

Recent experiments have been made, especially in this country, to develop new shapes for bells in the hope something would be found to produce a more exquisite tone than that of the traditional bell. So far the experiments have not been successful. They have served only to accent the marvelous development of the true bell form, with its satisfying tonal perfection.

In Princeton's bells it is the Flemish lip that gives brilliancy and sparkle to the highest notes.

This we learn, upon following the

bellmaster up to the wooden playing cabin perched against the east tower wall. Squeezing around the broad lip of the bourdon, we mount a steep ladder and, a third of the way to the top, on a level with the big bells' summit, step into the bellmaster's eyrie.

There is just sufficient space for the keyboard and a long bench. Arranged in a double row, each smooth key, like a midget pump handle, controls a clapper through a transmission bar and bell crank in the Flemish tradition. Flanders-trained Mr. Bigelow has been responsible for perfecting the Princeton carillon since he was called to the teaching staff there in 1941.

The six deepest basses, with clappers weighing up to 200 pounds each, operate on a leverage system developed by the Dutch. At first, the sonorous bourdon of Princeton's carillon, whose tone is G, was connected to a *do* on the clavier. The second bell was connected to *re*, the third to *mi*, and so on for three octaves. Since the bourdon was very low in tone, Mr. Bigelow made it a B-flat, adding a new foot pedal for this note.

This gave the same bass as the great Belgian carillons and took its range up three octaves to B-flat. With the addition of two new bells, cast in New Jersey a week before Pearl Harbor, the keyboard acquired high B and C. Only an octave of bells was missing to make the instrument a full carillon, or one of four octaves, and the bellmaster set out to find them.

At first the situation seemed hopeless. War priorities made new metal

unavailable. Finally an old locomotive bell from a junk yard, plus some discarded bronze bearings, provided enough good material. Designed, patterns made, castings turned and tuned on the Princeton campus, this octave of sweet high bells eventually took their place in the tower just above the playing cabin, for subtlety of response. Only 11 feet from the most distant bell crank, the master sits at his clavier. With perfect control he can achieve effects ranging from the lightest tremulando of the smallest bells down through all shades of tone color to the mightiest thunder of the basses.

Now the bellmaster begins to play, sliding rapidly back and forth on his bench and striking keys and foot pedals with quick, sure force.

"This is what the Flemings like best, the fantasies!" calls out our host. "But you must hear the bells often to enjoy them. They may sound strange to anyone whose ear is untrained."

Other visitors find their way up the ladder, old graduates, new students, friends. They take turns in the playing cabin, requesting favorite numbers.

"What would it feel like to touch the bourdon when you ring it?" asks a young man.

"Like an electric shock, without the electricity!"

Mr. Bigelow plays *Nearer My God to Thee*, Schubert's *Moment Musical*, and a composition of the 17th century in the Aeolian mode, *Genoveva van Brabant. A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* demonstrates the sustaining power of the bourdon. Then he plays the

brilliant *Harmonious Blacksmith* of Handel. Mozart's music, he tells us, is ideally adapted to carillon playing. Bach and Chopin are not so easily appreciated.

Clips hold the music firmly as the breeze funnels through an open window. "And when the wind howls up here in winter, I feel like playing wild things, for the bells get wild too! The wind twists the notes out of shape—flattens, or swirls, or beats them until the music is almost uncontrollable."

Princeton's bellmaster recalls his student days at Maline's famous old carillon school. In two or three rooms in an old building, a couple of students could be seen practicing on dummy claviers. A professor who receives practically no stipend, for this free school is supported by the Belgian government and gifts from graduates and friends, will drop in from time to time to give a lesson to whoever is present. When sufficient progress is made, the student goes on to tower instruction. As in the most formal university, examination day is a combination of joy and agony. A jury of the best musicians of the Low Countries decides whether the young man at the tower clavier will receive his diploma.

In Louvain, Arthur Bigelow became bellmaster of the reconstructed carillon in St. Peter's Collegiate church, destroyed in 1914. He gave three weekly concerts. Sunday from noon on, after late Mass and during the promenade hour, the music was of sacred charac-

ter. Monday, slightly classical airs filled the streets during the shopping period before dusk. Friday was market day in Louvain, and sprightly folk songs stimulated trade.

In addition, the town's bellmaster sounded the bells of St. Gertrude's abbey, including a famous 500-year-old one, twice a month. Concerts at the beautiful University Library tower, built by American funds, were given weekly on summer evenings.

In the Low Countries the big bells usually belong to the churches, the smaller ones to the towns. The occupation of *byardier*, or bellmaster, is more often than not hereditary. Women bellmasters have played in Belgium and England but have not achieved fame.

In August, 1946, the North American guild, uniting bellmasters of the U. S. and Canada, held in Princeton its first reunion since the beginning of the war. Thirty members listened to new bell music, reported the latest developments in the art, and visited other belfries.

The study and expert graphing by Arthur Bigelow of thousands of bell contours, proportions, tones and harmonics, the fabrication of his own tuning forks, and the designing of actual bells, have made him a unique authority. Princeton University Press will soon publish his book. At present supervising the construction of three bell towers, he sees in carillons an instrument of musical luxury for which appreciation is growing.







# The Claretians

By CHARLES GIELOW, C.M.F.

NEARLY a century has rounded out since Father Anthony Claret, an obscure Catalonian priest, proved once again that the more violently the Church is attacked the stronger she grows. For in the midst of an atmosphere fairly bristling with anticlerical sentiment he founded a new Religious Congregation to answer the needs of the times.

On July 16, 1849, Father Claret called together five priests, all Catalans like himself, to form a mission band for stirring up the fervor of the faithful languishing from a dearth of missionaries. At the time, the Spanish government, having fallen under the control of a truculent Masonic element, had outlawed the Religious Orders, either driving their members into exile or forcing them to carry on as best they could in secret. Apparently, bringing another Religious Order into being would not meet the problem. The solution, however, that Father Claret hit upon evaded the law by temporarily dispensing members from the traditional three vows. His missionaries, united by a yearly pledge of loyalty to the Congregation, would not only fill the gap caused by the absence of the old Orders, but they would inject the new spirit of the founder into the

work done by the older Orders.

Father Claret had felt this need of a spiritual awakening for a long time. Scarcely had he been ordained in 1835 when he perceived the weakening of the faith in the masses, owing to lack of priests. He begged of his bishop leave from the small parish of Sallent to dedicate his life to the preaching of missions and retreats. Thus began his surprisingly active career as a mission preacher, writer, and organizer. Besides constant preaching—at times he delivered as many as 12 sermons in a day—he wrote on theology, apologetics, law, medicine, music, sociology, history, and agriculture, running, all told, into 144 small volumes.

His activity found nourishment in prayer, and in particular, in devotion to the Heart of Mary, which was just gaining popularity. The Confraternity of the Heart of Mary, which Charles Dufriche Des-genettes, the venerable *curé* of Our Lady of Victories, Paris, had established in 1836, was attracting wide attention because of the surprising conversions wrought through its prayers. Father Claret, like any tradesman intent on using the best tools for his job, adopted it on the spot. He wrote about it, preached on it during his missions, and wherever possible,

erected the new confraternity of Mary.

After 14 years in the field as an apostolic preacher, he decided to recruit helpers, through whom, so to speak, he could be in many places at once and endure far beyond his normal life span. In founding his Society, he charged its members with his own spirit in working to convert souls, the spirit, namely, of converting sinners through the intercession of the Heart of Mary. Naturally, he placed his foundation under her patronage, calling it the Congregation of Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Members add to their names the initials C.M.F., *Cordis Mariae Filius*, Latin for Son of the Heart of Mary.

In keeping with the purpose of their founding, Claretians, as they are familiarly known, did not adopt any distinctive habit. They wear the black cassock of the diocesan clergy.

After its first 20 years of existence, the Congregation counted only six mission houses, all in Spain. But slow growth was foretold by the founder: its spread through the world would follow only after "a martyr's blood waters the tree of the institute." In 1868 revolution and persecution broke out afresh in Spain. The Claretians fled to Perpignan, France, the superior-general, Father Joseph Xifre, with a price on his head. Father Francis Crusats fell into the hands of an anti-religious mob and was knifed to death.

Two years later, 1870, two mission bands left France for foreign soil. One sailed to Algiers, North Africa, at the request of Cardinal Lavigerie, and the

other to Santiago, Chile. With these two overseas foundations, the Congregation found itself in the unique position of having but three houses, each on a different continent. Its growth had begun.

Meanwhile, the Holy See had approved the Claretian Rule, *ad perpetuum*, Feb. 11, 1870. Archbishop Claret, as he had become shortly after founding his Order, upon returning from the Vatican council, broken in health, pronounced his vows on his deathbed, and died soon after, on Oct. 24, 1870, in the Cistercian monastery at Fontfroide, France. Pius XI beatified him Feb. 25, 1934.

With the three usual vows, Claretians also take an oath to persevere in the Congregation for life. They dedicate themselves to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and renounce the acceptance of all personal dignities, except at the express command of the Holy See.

As the ideal of an Order is to reflect the spirit of the man who founded it, Claretians have continued the many-sided activities of Blessed Claret. Their aim is threefold: personal sanctification, the increasing of God's glory, and the salvation of all the souls of the world. As a consequence of the broad horizons before them, Claretians do not embrace any one phase of the apostolate to the exclusion of the other. Today they act as pastors of parishes, preach missions and retreats, educate youth, carry on scientific research, and bring the Gospel to foreign lands. They are actively engaged in

the Catholic press, editing 96 magazines in many languages. In the U. S. they have two monthlies, the *Immaculate Heart Messenger* and the *Voice of St. Jude*. In Rome they publish the *Commentarium pro Religiosis*, a Latin periodical founded by the late Father Philip Maroto, C.M.F., which discusses the problems of Church law as it affects Religious.

Activity, however, would be fruitless, as Blessed Claret told his men, unless continually nourished by a spirit of piety. The Claretian, who strives to bring the world to God through Mary, must first of all be himself a lover of God and the blessed Virgin. He begins his day at 4:30 A.M., summoned by the ejaculation, *Deo gratias et Mariae*, to which he answers, *Semper Deo gratias et Mariae*. (Thanks be to God and Mary always). At 5 he joins the community in the chapel for an hour's meditation. Before dinner he is again in the chapel for examination of conscience and spiritual reading with the community. Once more after supper he recites the Rosary in common. The Marian bent in the Congregation is strengthened by the recitation of the *Ave* whenever the clock strikes the hour.

Since the Fátima apparitions, Claretians have redoubled their efforts to spread the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The consecration of the world to Mary's Heart by Pius XII, Oct. 31, 1941, answered a request that the Congregation had repeatedly made to the Holy See since 1907.

They have built and dedicated some

75 churches in honor of their patroness, and are building the International Votive Temple to the Immaculate Heart of Mary at Rome. When finished, the temple will be the largest church in the Eternal City after St. Peter's. Claretians try to live up to the motto inscribed on the Congregation's coat of arms: Her sons have arisen, proclaiming her blessed (Prov. 31:28).

The Holy See has entrusted them with five mission territories. The oldest is the Vicariate of Fernando Poo in Central Africa, which they received in 1883. They went to the Choco, in the jungles of Colombia, in 1909, and in 1926 the Vicariate of Darien in Panama was placed under the direct care of the U. S. province. Also in 1926 Claretians took charge of the Prefecture of Tocantins in the interior of Brazil, and in 1933 the Prefecture of Tung-ki, China. Most recently, in 1946, the American province sent its first missionary contingent to the Philippines.

The Claretians came to the U. S. from Mexico, Sept. 18, 1902. Bishop John Anthony Forest of San Antonio, Texas, had called them to his diocese to help him with the Mexican population. He entrusted his Cathedral of San Fernando to their charge. The Congregation spread so rapidly through the Southwest that 21 years later, in 1923, the American province was erected.

A house of studies was opened at the Catholic university, Washington, D. C., in 1922. The next year the first minor seminary opened its doors at

Old Mission San Gabriel, Calif., and a few years later the Claretian major seminary at Compton, Calif., accepted its first professed students. St. Jude preparatory seminary started in 1933 at Momence, Ill. At present, there are 55 professed scholastics. They study four years of philosophy and five of theology. In addition, an international college is maintained in Rome, the Claretianum, at which students from many lands pursue higher studies.

A serious blow struck the Congregation during the late Spanish civil war. Many Claretian colleges, seminaries and churches were gutted during the Red reign of terror. But, worse still, 269 Claretians were slain because of their religious profession. Particularly touching is the case of the theologate at Barbastro. The whole seminary personnel of 51, priests and Brothers,

but mostly young theological students, were shot down before their open graves after vain attempts to make them apostatize.

One of the most consoling legacies that Blessed Claret left his sons is what is commonly called the great Claretian promise, namely, a promise of ultimate salvation for all members who die within the Congregation. "God has revealed to me," he wrote, "that all who die members of the Congregation, not only the exceptionally good, but all, shall be saved in the end."

Today the Claretians number close to 4,000 members and are established in 25 countries. The superior-general, the Very Reverend Father Nicholas Garcia, C.M.F., resides in Rome. The provincial of the American province has his residence in Los Angeles, Calif.

### *Lesson for Catholic Press Month*

You have a vocation that is immensely important, really noble, but heavy with responsibility. If a man is sincerely interested in making sure of the spiritual and moral foundations for the future collaboration between nations, he will direct his efforts toward safeguarding and defending the natural ideals of truth, justice, courtesy and good will, and, even more, the sublime and supernatural ideal of brotherly love which Christ gave to the world. Let the ultimate guiding purpose of your writing be peace. War may be and should be only a means to peace. And write in favor of a peace that can be stamped with approval by every well-meaning person and by all peoples, a peace that will insure to one and all those conditions that are necessary for them to live in a manner befitting the dignity of their human nature.

Pius XII to visiting war correspondents (7 June '47) N.C.W.C.

No place for Madame Tussaud

## Hidden Convent in Mexico

By EUDORA GARRETT

Condensed from *Mary Immaculate*\*



SENSATIONAL news stories reporting discovery of a hidden convent were spread in 1934 from Puebla, a town 87 miles east of Mexico City. Prodded to detective work by a series of anonymous letters protesting "illegal existence" of this Religious Community, agents of the anticlerical government "located concealed entrances, broke in on a group of frightened nuns and caused them to run pell-mell from peace and security into a shelterless world."

So ran the story, and it has made good tourist propaganda for government agencies since. Now transformed into a Museum of Religious Art, this ancient Convent of Santa Monica, graced with its own valuables and those of two other convents violated at the same time, now lures more than 100,000 persons through its portals annually, at 30 centavos per person. Overworked guides herd groups at ten-minute intervals through crowded cells and corridors, delivering bilingual, hurried, sordidly dramatized orations to openmouthed listeners as they go.

In the former private chapel of the nuns, crowns of thorns allegedly used by the flagellant Order are hung by

each *prie-dieu*; one crown has been touched up with red paint, called blood, and hastily pointed out by the guide as illustrating "unenlightened practices" of the Religious. A phony representation of a nun kneeling before a crucifix and skull has been set up in a darkened lower room; here lights suddenly flash on and many tourists scream or run as in a house of horrors at Coney Island.

For the Catholic visitor, aware of the dignity and service of conventual life through the centuries, the experience is naturally one of sorrow, regret, and, in most instances, of genuine confusion. Without knowledge of the 328-year history of the convent, the processes by which it became a show place, and a comprehension of Church and government relations in Mexico today, the impact of the sublime and the revolting is staggering. The pleasure to be gained from studying impressive galleries of paintings, statuary, and art work of the nuns is alloyed by the cheap sensationalism.

How could the government sponsor a "national monument" which causes tourists to whisper "barbaric," "horrible," "uncivilized"? Being an observer who resents Mexico's being

\*De Mazenod Scholasticate, P. O. Box 96, San Antonio, 6, Texas. November, 1947.



called "barbaric" as well as having the Catholic faith expounded as "unenlightenment," I have taken the question to friends in both government and Church officialdom. They say that literature and guide jargon on "Puebla's biggest tourist attraction" have improved immeasurably since the convent was opened to public gaze in 1935. The ably staffed National Institute of Anthropology and History is now in charge of this and other "colonial treasures." Hope may be felt that the venerable convent may become a more serene setting for a remarkable collection of religious art, without the "shockhouse sideshows," before another 100,000 persons pass by.

There is history here, reaching far into the past; much of esthetic value brought from past centuries into the present; and great spiritual truths on the indestructibility of faith—for all who search for them.

The first religious institution established on this site was opened by ecclesiastic and lay officials in 1606 as a retreat for gentlewomen of the town in need of safe residence while husbands were absent on long trips. As such, it served no vital purpose, the ladies preferring to stay with relatives and children. Within three years, the hospice had become a refuge for Magdalenes. But this arrangement conflicted with the intention of the founders. The Magdalenes were transferred, and a college for young girls was established.

By 1682 the college was recognized by the Holy See and placed under

patronage of Santa Monica. With many students asking admission to Religious life, the bishop soon secured permission to found an Augustinian convent for novices of his college. Thus, in 1688, the Convent of Santa Monica came into being.

During the 246 years up to 1934, when the convent's "discovery" was announced, the nuns had been expelled from their cloister seven times. Their first exile was in 1847, when 300 soldiers billeted themselves there while resisting the U. S. invasion. The soldiers left, the nuns returned. In 1861, '63, and '67 they were banished through various applications of Juarez's reform laws, which made conventual establishments unlawful; each time the Sisters came right back home as soon as government vigilance was relaxed. During the Diaz regime, the group, always numbering around 24, had respite lasting to 1915, when revolutionary forces announced expulsion of every Religious from Puebla. Yet the nuns were discovered hard at work again in 1926, when all churches in Mexico were ordered closed. Even through those dangerous years, fervor and persistence never wavered; the Monicas appeared fearless of persecution that meant death in many instances.

From this long history of expulsions from and reoccupations of their home, any child could guess that existence of this Congregation of Augustinian nuns in Puebla was no secret. The staunchly Catholic population knew they were there, busy with creation of

beautiful vestments, altar pieces, and other necessities of the Church; many families helped with food and gifts in times of need. Thus the designation of the convent as "hidden" relates only to the fact that concealed channels of communication with the outside world were effected during late persecutions. Outside apartments of the block-sized structure were occupied by families who protected the nuns from molestation and further exile as well as they could.

Police officials who took over the convent in 1934 spotted a hinged cupboard in the dining room of one of these families, thereby discovering a doorway into the office of the mother superior, now used as tourist entrance.

Visitors pass before exhibitions of richly woven, embroidered, and painted handwork that testify well to the nuns' application and talent in serving the Church. Beyond are corridors filled with paintings and statuary, all of interest if not distinction; one cell is devoted to a representation of the *Last Supper* in life-sized figures.

Through an entrance formerly disguised by placement of an image, the nuns could pass to the upper choir loft of lovely Santa Monica church and there assist at all services of the altar, unseen behind a latticed screen. From this point, some tourists refuse the next trip down a steep stairway leading to vaults where the Religious are

buried. At least two inscriptions read "When this crypt was opened the body was found in uncorrupted condition."

The private chapel of the nuns retains adornment of good paintings, a small but richly carved altar, and shrine. Here one might wish that lost relics of the saints could be restored to their gaping niches, and later bequests of the bishop's mummified heart and other objects, made according to accepted custom of three centuries ago, quietly rest in peace. Like that of the suspect "death chamber" and "objects of torture," their present exposition is unseemly indeed.

The two patios of the convent are spacious and inviting. From the second, one inspects a traditional Puebla kitchen used by the nuns, its great ovens adorned with Talavera tile in glistening colors. Then, through another doorway, once hidden by a wall painting, the busy outside street is reached, and the trip through "the hidden convent" is finished.

Around the corner is Santa Monica church, for two centuries the treasure of nuns who were banished to a latticed refuge for most of the last 100 years. Worshipers are present at all hours; often I have heard the sound of weeping there. The Sisters of Santa Monica have been dispersed. But their spirit of prayer and penance fills this shrine like incense; their offering of petition for Mexico goes on and on.



**FLATTERY** is commonly known as soft soap; and soft soap is 90% lye.

G. W. Murray.



*Cells vs. Salesians*

## *Little Moscow* ON THE APPIAN WAY

By CAMILLE M. CIANFARRA

Condensed from the  
*New York Times Magazine\**

**I**TALIANS call Genzano, a communist-dominated town of 10,000, Little Moscow, and the secretary of the local branch of the communist party, Ercole de Sanctis, Little Father. No irony is implied in the labels, which candidly acknowledge that this confused heap of war-scarred peasant houses, through which the Allied armies battled their way to Rome, is a masterpiece of communist organization, perhaps as nearly perfect as any to be found in Western Europe.

Only 20 miles from Rome on the Appian way, it was and still is a favorite vacation spot. Remnants of a villa built in Emperor Caligula's time can be seen today next to white stucco houses of middle-class Romans who come here to bathe and to drink the strong opal-colored wine produced in the vineyards that mantle the hills sloping gently toward the Mediterranean.

Here, as in thousands of other Italian small towns, the everyday struggle for power between communists and their adversaries unfolds itself with clarity; it is not lost as in the vastness of the great cities. From a chair at the sidewalk cafe in the small square one

can watch, as though from an orchestra seat, Italy's political drama played on a miniature stage. The actors are not very polished, perhaps, but they speak the same lines which can be heard distinctly all over Italy.

Here, too, the nation-wide strategy of the communists and their adversaries stands out in bolder relief. Secrets are difficult to keep and motives behind actions are soon understood, because everybody has known everybody from birth. There is a steady flow of measures designed to strengthen the communist grip on the town, as a step toward the ultimate goal which, needless to say, is complete bolshevization. The cleverly conceived communist campaign of indoctrination is adapted to local conditions. At the base of this program is the fanning of popular dissatisfaction, keeping it at a sustained pitch by setting new goals as soon as the old ones have been attained, and by relentlessly criticizing the national government.

The clergy fights this pressure, from the sheltering quietness of the local church or from the school, which is managed by the Salesian Fathers, and with incessant persuasion by word of

*\*Times Square, New York City. Nov. 23, 1947.*

mouth. The Christian Democrats (pro-Catholic) strike back with small daily meetings in private homes, and with their press.

Life for the Genzanese has never been easy, and it is now a far graver problem than at any time in the past. The town's only industry is production of wine, with which all the inhabitants are connected in one way or another, except a few hundred engaged in small trades. Genzanese till vineyards near by. Most of them are owners of small plots averaging from one to five acres; the rest are farm laborers who hire out by the day.

Work is scarce except in fall, when every able-bodied peasant goes out to pick the grapes. If the crop is plentiful the landowners manage to produce enough wine to see them through until the next harvest. In lean years they go into debt and hope to produce enough in following years to square things.

But the farm laborers, who receive a maximum pay of \$1.60 (800 lire) daily for about 90 working days in the year, simply don't eat more than bread and a watery vegetable soup, when they can scrape enough together to buy the vegetables. They are idle in spring and summer. In prewar days they emigrated to Rome and found themselves temporary jobs as porters, bricklayers or road laborers. Today there is unemployment in Rome, too, as everywhere else in Italy, and it is useless to walk the 20 miles from home.

They loiter in the town's small

square, squat in the shade of bombed buildings, or sit on the damp stone edge of the 19th-century fountain near the church. Life is at a standstill: they have nothing to do and nowhere to go. Home is a bare stone floor; their bed, iron, with straw mattress. Their food could just as well be eaten in the open air, for one does not need a knife and fork to munch a slice of bread with a few drops of vinegar and oil and a sprinkling of salt on it. These are the communists.

Communism sounds good to them. Comrade de Sanctis has explained it simply and enticingly at the meetings in the large assembly room at party headquarters, or at the moving-picture house, where one can keep warm on winter evenings. It means land and work for everybody, Antonio Rossi explained to me, "as soon as those grafters in Rome can be thrown out of a government which is doing nothing for the working man. Why, then, shouldn't they join the party? They have nothing to lose, and politics keeps one's mind off personal problems, which cannot be solved anyway."

At the end of September, 3,000 communist-led Genzanese peasants suddenly and without authorization occupied 500 acres of land, already under cultivation, belonging to an insurance company. "We needed that land, so we went and set up stakes," Tiberio Cinelli, a 25-year-old communist who participated in the expedition, told me during a tour of the 500 acres. "We squatted there for four days from 9 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon,

until they told us that our demands were being considered in Rome."

"What did you do after 3 P.M.?" I asked.

"We went home," Cinelli explained. "We have a six-hour day in Genzano."

On our way back to town Cinelli told me that earlier this year the communists called at his home and invited him to join the party. He was unemployed and they promised that they would find him work. I asked him whether the promise had been kept.

"Not yet," he said, "but as soon as we get this land I'll be all right."

In Rome it was found that last June the communist president of the Genzano Chamber of Labor, which represents all workers, had accepted a grant of 125 acres from the insurance company and had assigned it to a cooperative of war veterans. In return he had waived all claims to further grants on behalf of the Genzanese peasants. The communist leaders knew this, but ordered the occupation of more land owned by the same insurance company. They foresaw that Rome would decide against the peasants and that this gesture would keep the opposition to De Gasperi's government alive.

Comrade de Sanctis, a shabbily dressed, small but vigorously built man in his 40's, shows traces of the 12 years he spent behind bars. His inscrutable rough-hewn worker's face is deeply lined and there is a cold glint in his brown eyes which are just as furtive as in the fascist days when he was forced to mask his political feelings while awaiting Mussolini's fall.

Thick-set, dark-haired, 37-year-old Mario Colacchi, 23 years a communist, 11 years in fascist jails, is mayor. De Sanctis had himself appointed "senior councilor," or assistant mayor. He is the real boss and lays down the town's policy, which the five other communist councilors, and seven Socialists and two Actionists invariably support. More often than not the two Republican councilors string along and leave the lone Christian Democrat crying in a Red wilderness.

Owing to the housing shortage, all local political parties, with the exception of the Republican, have offices in the same building (which was the seat of the fascist party until 1943). It is a two-story whitewashed brick house on a corner of the main square. The offices of the Communist party are open from early morning until late at night. There, in an almost bare room decorated with pictures of Lenin, Marx, and Stalin, and communist posters and slogans, de Sanctis receives heads and members of the 51 "cells" with which the town of Genzano is honeycombed.

"We have a cell in practically every street, and each cell has between 40 and 70 members who can be gathered together at a moment's notice," Signor Colacchi proudly told me.

Every month the national-party secretariat sends de Sanctis bundles of booklets containing a series of questions and answers on current political topics. The leaders gather the comrades every Friday evening at the moving-picture house they have rented for



the purpose. There the booklets are explained and members instructed how to use them.

They have had no success with the few intellectuals, students and professional men, to whom they have made alluring offers to join the party. An impecunious student received the offer of a monthly salary and all expenses for trips he was to make in connection with party business. He refused. Genzano's 50 prep-school students include only one communist, and he is the nephew of the man in charge of the local propaganda section.

Until a few months ago the communists had the town practically to themselves. Opposition was disorganized and rested more on individual dislike for communism than on a determined anti-communist drive. But recently the tide has been slowly receding.

Antonio Corese, a bright young lawyer who had left Genzano some years ago to practice in Milan, returned to his home town as district leader of the Christian Democrat party. The first thing he did was to publish a one-page weekly, *Croce e Martello* (*Cross and Hammer*), with which he has been spiking propaganda ruses and the fallacy of plans which communists have launched from time to time to increase their membership.

What has been turning the tide, however, is the Rural Loans and Savings bank and the Food cooperative, financed with Christian Democrat funds, which Corese has organized.

The bank lends money to needy farmers at very low interest and the co-op sells food at prices much lower than those at the local retail market. "Everybody, communists included, can use both institutions," Corese told me. "We are trying to counteract the ideological communist propaganda based on mirages with a practical aid-to-you-now policy."

Christian Democrats feel that the communists are ready for anything, including armed uprising. Raniero Ceccarelli, the 20-year-old son of a restaurant owner, is an ardent Christian Democrat. His father is a Socialist and his cousin a communist. They all work together, in perfect harmony, when customers are around. But more often than not they are not on speaking terms with one another.

He said that no one in Genzano was surprised last July when the *cabinieri* discovered a cache of arms walled in at a near-by farm owned by Mario and Alvevo Palazzi, two communist brothers. It was one of the scores of clandestine stores of ammunition belonging to communists which the police have been unearthing all over Italy.

When the brothers were asked to explain how they came to be in possession of nine machine guns, one mortar, 300-hand grenades, automatic rifles and sundry other weapons, the answer was that the whole lot had been turned over to them by Mayor Colacchi. Colacchi disappeared for ten days, after which he returned, asked for and obtained a "vote of confi-

dence," from the Town Council as the "people's answer" to the slanderous lies of his political enemies. The authorities were not impressed, however, and he was arrested in October during the Palazzi trial. It is common knowledge that many Genzanese were involved in the gathering, transportation and hiding of so large a number of weapons, but no one will talk for fear of reprisals.

Where the communists have reached the acme of subtlety is in their anticlerical propaganda, which Don Nazario Galieti, the parish priest, sadly admitted has been having some success. During the 1946-47 scholastic year the party organized the Red Pioneers to attract boys between 7 and 10 years of age and so counteract the local Catholic Boy Scout organization, directed by the Salesian Fathers. The Pioneers are taken on excursions or to free movies on Sunday mornings to keep them from attending Mass. They are taught to sing Marxist songs and to regard the Pope as Italy's enemy. Yet, at the end of the scholastic year, in keeping with tradition, they all went to the solemn function in church, where they were blessed.

Anticlericalism is carried on by whispering and by overt manifestations, such as mass meetings. This is much more dangerous, Don Galieti explained, because it is more difficult to fight; and his opinion is shared by every member of the clergy in all other towns where the same tactics are used.

"I wish they would come out in the open, but they won't," Genzano's par-

ish priest said. "Why, Signor Colacchi was married last April, and do you know where? In church, by me. And not surreptitiously, mind you. A real solemn function. Signor de Sanctis was also married in church years ago, and do you know what his wife has been doing? She has been helping me to legitimize with religious marriage the unions of those married only according to civil law. I have performed 112 marriages from January until now, all in my church. During that time there has been only one civil marriage. Last year I performed 90 religious marriages. No one was married at the city hall."

I saw Colacchi later in the square and asked him if he was an atheist. He said he was. "Then why did you deceive the priest and marry in church?" I asked. He laughed. "We communists respect traditions," he answered. "Religion is a purely personal question, which everyone must solve for himself."

The point, however, seems to be that to the Genzanese communists, as to almost all the other 2 million Italian comrades, communism is a political means with which to attain material things. Religion, on the other hand, has been part of their spiritual life as their body is part of their physical life. This antithetic dualism in the psychology of the Italians seems to be the strongest natural anti-communist bulwark. On whether or not the communists will be able to eliminate it may depend to a large extent their success or failure in Italy.

# The Weasel

By ALAN DEVOE



# in Winter

Condensed chapter of a book\*

Now in midwinter is the time when the creatures still abroad in northern woods and fields are most rigorously tested for survival. Blizzards come without warning, the wind-swirled snow burying partridge berries and bittersweet and the seed-bearing tops of the meadow weeds, confronting juncos and tree sparrows with abrupt starvation. Sometimes the drifting whiteness lies so deep that even among the deer there are some which can no longer struggle through it, but can only stand motionless, imprisoned belly deep, and wait quietly until hunger and cold bring eventual oblivion. There come sudden downward plunges of the temperature, taking the roosting crows unaware in their sleeping places among the hemlocks, and on a morning after some bitter gale-swept night they may be found hanging head downward by their dark crooked feet, lifeless, frozen grotesquely as they slept. None but the hardest and most watchful creatures of outdoors can survive this season, this time of snows and winds and icy coldness when, as the north-woods Indians like to put it, there is "death, the dark mother, always gliding near on soft feet."

It is not only the elements that bring death now to so many creatures of outdoors. There are the preyings, as in any other season, of creature upon creature: fox on squirrel, owl on hare, hawk on the scampering deer mice. Particularly, there is abroad in the cold woods one predatory death-bringer from whose attack none but the largest animals, like bears and lynxes, is exempt, and whose toll of lives is scarcely smaller than the toll taken by freezing and starvation. It comes in white, and silently, like the great white enemy, the snow.

It is an animal, this enemy, not much larger than a squirrel, but far fleetier than any squirrel and motivated by a blood hunger that sends it forth constantly for victims. In the far northern part of its range its name is ermine; elsewhere it is called a weasel. To grouse, roosting during these cold nights in low evergreen branches, and to rabbits in their "forms" of snow among the underbrush, and to white-footed mice seeking safety in their intricate tunnels underneath the drifts, it is a threat of death against which they must be incessantly wary. All the year round the weasel is seeking their blood, creeping stealthily along the

\*Lives Around Us. 1942. Creative Age Press, 11 E. 44th St., New York City. 221 pp. \$2.

trail of their scent, watchful and forever hungry; but now in midwinter there is no foliage to hide them from those sharp eyes, and there is snow to hamper most of them in their flight, and the weasel is nearly invisible in the general whiteness. This is the peak season in the weasel's year of killing.

For every creature under the sun there is a particular role in the natural scheme: for bees the bearing of pollen for the fertilization of plants and trees, for earthworms the aerating of the soil to make it fecund, for a crab or a crawfish the scavenging of underwater earth. It is the grim and singular role of a weasel simply to kill, to carry to its maximum extension the principle of carnivorousness. Save for the first few weeks of its life, when it is still blind and helpless in its birth nest in a hollow log or deserted woodchuck burrow, and for those two or three times a year when, if female, it is preoccupied with the tending of its own litter of six or eight young weasels, its days are wholly given over to ceaseless extermination among the small mammals and birds of its environment. The weasel has an insatiable appetite for fresh hot blood. It is its destiny to serve, like epidemic plagues, and parasites, and a variety of other death-bringing forces, to thin out the populace of wild creatures, to keep the mice from becoming too many and the cottontails from too far exceeding their optimum number, and for the pursuit of this bloody destiny it is admirably equipped.

It has a long thin body, almost

worm-like, 16 or 17 inches in length, including the furry tail. Short powerful legs allow the body to be concealingly flattened against the earth as the weasel goes creeping forth on its endless blood search, and on the soles of the feet there is a covering of hair whereby the weasel's weight can be sustained on snow surfaces which may not support the weight of fleeing victims. The flat-crowned triangular head is joined with the long thin neck in such fashion that it can be held at right angles to it; the weasel can halt in its tracks, rearing up, and sway its narrow head from side to side, testing the scent of the air, in the same pose that a snake adopts when it is endeavoring to locate with precision the hiding place of a near-by frog. The weasel's teeth are exquisitely sharp, and the great muscles of its flesh-hungry little jaws form a bunching mass that covers entirely the sides of the narrow skull.

The weasel's whole body has such muscular strength and suppleness that it can turn and twist to attack its prey effectively from any angle, and the nostrils in its sharp-pointed little snout are keen enough to catch the subtlest scent of game. The weasel has eyes sharp enough to see a tiny stirring in the snow, where the deer mice are tunneling under it to forage for nuts and seeds, and its rounded furry ears can hear the movement of any but the wariest and softest-treading creatures.

In every detail of anatomy and sense endowment the weasel is equipped for following successfully its bloody role,

and it has as well the equipment of protective coloration: in summer, earthbrown upperparts that permit it to blend concealingly with the color of the ground and the fallen pine needles and last autumn's withered leaves; in winter, in the northern part of its range, a uniform whiteness except for a tiny black tipping of its tail.

The weasel hunts both by night and day, but it is in the darkness that it does its deadliest work. Moving swiftly, nervously, its lean muzzle lifted in the frosty moonlight to catch scents, it finds out the places where the grouse and pheasants are roosting asleep, or seeks out sometimes one of man's poultry yards. The weasel closes its jaws on its victim's throat, or the back of the neck, so that the killing may be instantaneous and there may be no outcry to rouse the other members of the flock; for the weasel is not content with a single victim. If it can, it kills a dozen or 20 or 30, sometimes even as many as 40 fowl, in quick soundless succession.

It does not generally devour the prey it slaughters. It makes only a neat incision in the flesh and drinks the warm blood. Sometimes, if very hungry, it cuts with its sharp-pointed little teeth a small hole in the skull, and sucks out the warm soft brains as the yolk might be sucked out of an egg. When its butchery has been done and its blood hunger momentarily appeased, the weasel withdraws as stealthily as it came, across the snow, and in a quiet place in the darkness licks away the blood from its white

fur and sucks the dried blood from its small paws, for it is fastidious as a cat. Presently, before many hours have passed, it sets out warily again in the darkness to seek new victims.

Commoner victims than sleeping fowl are rabbits, rats, mice, and squirrels. These are the weasel's habitual prey, and in pursuit of them the weasel is fearless and implacable. As it pursues a running rabbit, it moves across the snow in a series of long gliding leaps, hurling its thin body forward almost in the manner of a lunging snake, and it holds to the pursuit in the face of whatever obstacle or deterrent, racing through even water if need be, until at last the exhausted rabbit bogs down in deep drifts, and the weasel's teeth snap its spine. Rushing after a squirrel, the weasel undertakes even to climb trees, and in pursuit of the deer mice it forces its lithe body into their tiniest tunnels. The weasel is gripped by a kind of frenzy of blood lust, a fury of appetite, that makes it heedless of fatigue or danger. Even when, as sometimes happens, the weasel's loping pursuit of its prey is interrupted by the most formidable of all creatures, man, the weasel is not deterred. It faces this towering opponent without terror, giving off in its fury a musky stench that is the odor of weasel anger, and if resolutely balked, it flies at the throat of the man-creature as fiercely and fearlessly as at the throat of mouse or quail. It has an insistent, imperious hungering for blood, and will not be denied.

So enormous is a weasel's appetite,



so single-minded the following of its carnivorous destiny, that the small creatures of the woods would soon be decimated if the weasel were not itself preyed on by enemies. The great horned owl is such an enemy; so are the foxes and lynxes and sometimes the martens. Those are big enough and adroit enough to kill a weasel. But

they cannot often kill it with one bite or blow. They cannot often kill it until it has writhed its sinuous body in a final death twist and snapped its powerful little jaws one last time, tellingly. A weasel customarily dies as it has lived, fearless and furious and with the lingering taste of hot blood in its gullet.



### *Charity Believeth All Things, Beareth All Things*

FATHER EUGENE was the easiest of all marks for the panhandlers and hard-luck-story artists with which the neighborhood of his curacy abounded. One evening, as the priests were gathered about the table, Father Eugene suddenly took the conversational limelight with the startling remark, "A miracle happened to me today."

Some of the Fathers looked a bit dubious, but the pastor said gently, "Tell us about it, Father."

"Well, I was walking along the street when a poor man approached me and told me the story of his misfortunes and needs. It was one of the saddest stories I have ever heard."

"In at least two blocks," muttered Father Michael.

Heedless of the interruption, Father Eugene went on, "I told him that I had no money, but mentally I said a prayer to St. Francis. He always knows how to handle such cases. By accident I put my hand in my pocket, and there, to my surprise, was some paper money. I looked at it and gave it to the poor man; he, too, was very surprised, for St. Francis had not done things by halves: it was a \$10 bill. The blessings he heaped on my unworthy head have made me feel good ever since."

One of the other priests present suddenly started from his chair, and with a cursory excuse in the general direction of the pastor hurried from the room. Presently he returned, even more hurriedly if possible, exclaiming, "Gene, do you know what you did? That was my coat you were wearing, and that was my \$10!"

Father Eugene regarded him benignly, and said innocently, "Isn't St. Francis wonderful, that today of all days he inspired me to wear your coat instead of my own!"

—M. G.



"In Him was life . . . ."

## Candlemas Day in

### A NEGRO PARISH

By a Former Parishioner

Condensed from *Orate Fratres*\*

ON THE Sunday preceding Candlemas, my former pastor would announce the coming feast, give a brief explanation of its meaning, and then, with that enthusiasm of his which was contagious for all listeners, would exhort us to attend. "Come," he would say, "let us celebrate this double feast of our Lord and His holy Mother: the feast of Christ, our true Light, and of her who bore the true Light. I want all of you to come and rejoice with me. I want to see every pew in this church filled." Then he would lower his voice somewhat as if to tell us something so important that he hardly dared to speak it out loud. "I cannot celebrate this feast without you. I need you to help me. You must be here to do the singing." And then his eloquence would rise again, "Give your voices to the Lord and He shall reward you most abundantly in return. 'For who is like unto our God,' and who has ever rewarded us as He has?"

You may be inclined to conclude that my pastor was of the emotional type. He was not. Rather, he was so earnest, so convincing, that he actually made us feel we were not merely coming to ask and receive something from

the Lord, but really bringing Him something when we made the sacrifice to get up early to celebrate His feast.

On Candlemas morning the church would be full at 6 o'clock, although services did not start until 6:15. The congregation used the intervening time to sing hymns to the blessed Virgin or to say the Rosary. By Mass time the last parishioner would have wedged himself into an already overcrowded pew, awaiting the sacristy bell. At the bell the whole congregation rose, to stand in reverent silence while my pastor would vigorously ring the bell nine times (why nine, I do not know). Then he would enter the sanctuary with four altar boys.

Then would follow what we children had been waiting for, the blessing of the candles. One could see small boys and girls pulling at their dad's or mother's sleeves, whispering, "Hold me up, mom," or "Hold me up, pop; I wanna see too." After the blessing came distribution of the candles. Everyone in the parish old enough to attend school could receive a candle. Some of us were so tiny we would have to stand at the Communion rail, otherwise we could not get our heads

\*Collegeville, Minn. February, 1947.

up high enough to kiss our pastor's hand and the candle. Every little brown face was wreathed in smiles, and all eyes sparkled.

When the last candle had been distributed, our fathers would start lighting our candles in preparation for the procession. And as we filed out of our pews, dressed in blue serge suits, and the girls in their white pleated skirts and long white veils, we would whisper to one another, "Christ is the Light of the world." Finally the procession would be formed, everyone awaiting the signal to start. Suddenly our pastor would intone, "*Procedamus in pace.*" And the procession would answer, "*In nomine Christi. Amen.*" Everyone in the procession would be singing with heart and soul. On such occasions our parents seemed to have cast all their worries away, for their faces would also light up, and their strong voices would ring.

Our pastor forbade our good Baptist and Methodist "sisters," who insisted on coming to church with us, to receive candles or walk in the procession. But they would sit in the pews and mind the babies, while the mothers took part in the procession. (However, they knew that every law has its loophole, and with true feminine instinct they discovered one. They just were not going to be absolutely passive in this "feast of the lights," as they called it.)

After the procession came the high Mass, which was but a continuation and heightening of our joy. When the time came for the Gospel our candles

were again lighted. This flickering sea would cause the babies to start cooing to themselves, a background chorus to the Gospel melody. Sister had warned us in school to hold our candles straight, or the hot wax would run down and get on our clothes. Although we carried out this advice as best we could, we were usually not altogether successful. Just when our attention would be riveted on the altar, some liquid wax would stealthily creep down the side, resulting in a subdued but agonized "Ouch." This, of course, would call forth sudden waves of titting from behind the girls' veils, until some mother would turn around with an icy, threatening stare. Immediately the veils were dead silent.

Our pastor always preached eloquently on such occasions. Every once in a while he would strike a note in the sermon that would evoke a series of approving nods sprinkled with a number of just audible "Amen's" or "Now ain't dat de truth," from our visiting Baptist and Methodist friends.

In this sermon he would explain the symbolism of the candles: how the wax represented the body of Christ born of a Virgin, the wick hidden in the wax, the soul of Christ, and the flame His divinity. He would then remind us that we had held lighted candles in our hands because we were children of the true Light. He would say, "The light which you now carry in your hands, when you leave here keep lighted in your souls that you may show people out in the world of darkness the true light and lead them

back to Christ, the eternal Light."

The next major event after the Gospel and sermon was the Consecration, when our candles were once more lighted. And here is where our good Protestant "sisters" discovered the loophole in the pastor's law forbidding them to have an active part in the procession or to receive candles. During this period of the Mass old Aunt Sarah would lean over to me and say, "Honey, let Aunt Sarah hold dat candle, cause yo arm must be plum tired out." Oftentimes, it would be tired, and I gladly let her hold the candle for a while. After a time she would hand it back saying, "Thank yo, honey, fo letting Aunt Sarah hold yo candle."

It was customary for each family to take two of the candles home. The remainder were left in the pews, for church use. At home the candles were wrapped in a silk cloth and put away in the cupboard. The candles were always lighted in time of serious illness, or during storms. And whoever happened to be at our house at the time had to kneel and pray with us.

One morning I was at my cousins' house when their Protestant neighbor came in and asked my aunt to please bring her candles and pray for her youngest son, for the doctor had said he would not live until noon that day. My aunt got out her candles and called all of us children together, saying, "Come, children, let's go pray for Sammy, that the good God may spare his life."

When we arrived at the sick room,

Sammy's father and all his brothers and sisters were standing around his bed in silence, while he lay there with a glassy stare in his eyes. Before my aunt lit the candles she gave the assembled group a little lecture on having faith in God. "Folks, you have to have faith in God. If you don't, these candles won't do no more good than this match I light 'em with. Do you believe that through these blessed candles and our prayers God will hear us?" The father of the family gave the reply, "Course we do, mam, that's the reason I told my wife to ask you to come." We all knelt down on the floor while my aunt began the Rosary, to which we children responded. We prayed the whole 15 decades. She used to say: "When I start prayin, I ain't gonna stop till ah'm sure God's listenin to me." And she had finished the whole 15 decades before she was sure that He was listening.

When we had begun the last five decades my little cousin, who was kneeling next to me, whispered, "When is mom gonna stop? I swear my knees is mighty nigh killin' me. And ma feet is plum nigh numb." But when noon came and passed, Sammy had not died, and within two weeks he was up and around again. Within two years that whole family of 11 children and the man and his wife joined the Church. And two of the girls have since become Sisters.

We had carried out our pastor's injunctions, to "carry the light of Christ to those who sit in the world of darkness."

# Bubble Gum

*We sympathize*



# Is Here to Stay

By HAROLD HELFER

**T**HE bubble-gum phenomenon, already a multimillion-dollar-a-month business, continues to expand and it looks as if it's going to be a long time yet before it busts.

Twenty companies manufacture several million packages daily; still the demand far exceeds the supply. Stores continue to run out, and it is always a big event among the small fry of any neighborhood when a new shipment comes in. Recently, a grocer in Washington, D. C., made the mistake of putting up a "Bubble Gum Today" sign in the window. This brought an avalanche of kids that broke both his front windows. Police finally had to be called to restore order.

The nation's biggest producer of bubble gum, Bowman Gum, Inc., Philadelphia, which by itself does a \$1-million-a-month business in this fantastic product, manufacturing 40 million packages a month (nearly four times that of the nearest competitor), is convinced that bubble gum is no longer a fad and is here to stay. It keeps a lobbyist in Washington, C. Ray Smith, and plans to expand its producing capacity as soon as possible.

If all the gum bubbles blown by youngsters in a week could be massed together, there would result a gro-

tesquely gigantic thing that would just about rival the earth for size—and there are many harassed parents who will say that this is putting it mildly, convinced that their junior alone is quite capable of performing this feat. One thing is certain: bubble gum has become a part of the woof and warp of this postwar era.

Scarcely a day goes by without something in the paper about bubble gum, usually with pictures showing proud youngsters with puffed-up cheeks giving with their latest creations. Maybe a playground is holding a bubble-gum-blowing championship. Or perhaps it is an item like that out of Goshen, Ind., saying that the Junior Chamber of Commerce there is buying raincoats and hats for the town's school safety patrol with the money obtained from bubble-gum vending machines placed in downtown business houses. With all the seriousness, thought, and perspiration that goes into putting on its Miss America pageant, Atlantic City is now in the midst of plans for putting on a national bubble-blowing contest in which the nation's youngsters from coast to coast will participate.

No one, including the men in the gum industry, know exactly how to



account for bubble gum's great burst of popularity. Actually, the gum has been produced commercially since about 1928. It enjoyed a rather fair-to-middling sale all along but it wasn't until shortly before the war that it became a sensation.

What gives bubble gum its wonderful, out-of-this-world elasticity is a rubbery substance known as latex, obtained from Mexico. During the war the U. S. government had to have all of this material it could get for military purposes; bubble gum went off the market and today's phenomenon of millions of young jaws chewing vigorously, almost as if it were a matter of life and death, and millions of young mouths enthusiastically spinning out balloons, as if there could be nothing more heavenly, is due, at least in part, to pent-up desire.

But what gave bubble gum its sudden splurge in favor just before the war no one seems to know for sure.

The Bowman Gum people credit the real start of bubble gum with a mission to Japan in 1932. J. Warren Bowman, a strapping, fabulous Pennsylvania Dutchman who had been a jack-of-all-trades, from auto salesman and lumberjack to professional turtle catcher and pinball-machine dealer, finally decided, after being inspired by the huge Wrigley building in Chicago, to settle down as a chewing-gum manufacturer. He had only \$25 when he came to the decision, but that didn't stop him. He borrowed some broken-down chewing-gum machinery and bought a barrel of sugar, some glu-

cose, and a smattering of other ingredients. Originally, he had intended to go into the orthodox chewing-gum line but decided that maybe he would have a little trouble bucking Wrigley, and went in for bubble gum instead.

Anyway, his bubble gum did quite all right, even though the depression was rearing its head, and in 1932 some emissaries from the Land of the Rising Sun called on Mr. Bowman. Mr. Bowman's "make-bigger" gum had expanded its way over to Emperor Hirohito's domain and the kids there were simply crazy about it. Would the most honorable Mr. Bowman consider going to Japan to set up a bubble-gum factory there? Since they offered an honorable fee for his kindness, Mr. Bowman got his honorable self over there. He designed for them gum machinery that in the back of his mind he had always thought would be very wonderful.

The Japanese followed through on the designs and it turned out that the machines *were* wonderful. When Mr. Bowman came back to Pennsylvania he installed the same machinery for himself. And it was this machinery, turning out more and better bubble gum, that began to put the stuff where it is today.

Several years later the Bowman bubble gum was to blow itself up into an international incident with Japan. To ingratiate his product with the youngsters, Bowman had been inserting pictures of cowboys and Indians in his packages. When the China-Japanese conflict broke out, he got the idea of

using pictures depicting the horrors of war. One of them showed the sinking of the *Panay* in the Yangtze river by the Japanese. The Japanese ambassador, howling that this was no way to treat a peace-abiding nation like Japan, protested to the State Department but the State Department chose not to interfere. Mr. Bowman's bubble gum had won a battle from the Japanese all by itself.

Anyway, the Bowman gum people figure that bubble gum is here to stay because it has everything ordinary gum has and then some. It not only can be chewed but it can have magnificent things done to it; bubbles have been blown as big as basketballs.

In the picture *Miracle On 34th Street* little Miss Margaret O'Brien is shown putting away her bubble gum in paper before retiring for the night and saving it for the next day. A lot of kids do this and not altogether for economical reasons: bubble gum, say small-fry experts, makes bigger and better bubbles the older it gets. And what more can you ask of a gum, ask the Bowman people.

They are not only sure that bubble gum has become an established part

of juvenile Americana, but the firm, which spends \$1 million a year advertising this product, thinks there is a good chance that it will even catch on among the adults, and it is going to start promoting the gum with that in mind. Recently a group of Hollywood stars attended a party in which a bubble-gum-blowing contest was the feature of the evening, and it appeared that a good time was had by all, even though there really wasn't much doubt about who the winner was going to be, since Joe E. Brown was there. More and more parents have been noticed giving with the bubbles, and though such parents generally would have you believe they are burlesquing their offspring, actually they are enjoying themselves immensely in their own right, according to the Bowman folks.

The hard-chewing jaws of our nation's youngsters have turned Mr. Bowman's \$25 investment into a personal fortune of considerable size and a large modern plant employing 400 persons. Mr. Bowman has only one minor regret about the whole thing. Try as he might, he's never been able to master the art of bubble blowing himself.



HE WHO works with his hands is a laborer. He who works with his hands and his head is a craftsman. He who works with his hands and his head and his heart is an artist.

S. M. L. in the *Saint Cloud Advocate* (Dec. '47).

Valiant woman

## Cecily Hallack: *Sanctity with Lipstick*

By PETER F. ANSON

Condensed chapter of a book\*

I FIRST met the late Cecily Hallack in 1929. I had known and admired her books since coming across *Beardless Counsellors* when chapters of this story were being serialized in the *Month*. I can recall a discussion with my friend, Msgr. Croft-Fraser, who was certain that these tales of Wops and his Boy Scout companions were the work of Father Martindale, both of us being convinced that they could not have been written by a woman and that "Cecily Hallack" was merely a nom de plume. But further investigations proved that we were wrong and that the author was a woman convert. Eventually I was introduced to Cecily Hallack, our first meeting being at a small Italian restaurant in Soho, where what was lacking in the quality and quantity of the half-a-crown lunch was more than compensated for by her brilliant conversation and charm of manner.

We discovered that we had many common interests, as both of us were Franciscan Tertiaries. An invitation to tea at her flat was the immediate result of this luncheon, and thus started a friendship which deepened as we got to know each other better. The flat

proved to be one tiny room on the top story of a large block overlooking Lords cricket ground. She loved this so-called "flat" high above the roar of London traffic, and wrote in one of her books that "here, as well as in the country, one can have solitude, for one's neighbors have no time for minding anything but their own business. And beside the high building lies a Catholic church, like the Lion of Juda." A small statue of St. Bruno used to stand on her desk, as if to bless her solitude in the midst of the world.

Such were the surroundings in which Cecily produced most of her best literary work. But she was always desperately hard up, and began to realize that she could not afford to go on living in London. She managed to rent one of the lodges on Lord Cowdray's estates at Paddockhurst, which the Benedictines of Downside had just bought, and whose palatial mansion they were transforming into what is now Worth priory. It was Cecily's intention that "East Lodge" should become a refuge for anybody who was in need or distress, particularly those who had had any sort of mental breakdown. This was the particular sphere

\*A Roving Recluse. 1946. *The Mercier Press, Ltd., 9 Patrick St., Cork, Ireland.* 230 pp. 10/6.

of Franciscan apostolate she visualized for herself. For various reasons the scheme did not prosper, mainly because Cecily was always far too generous and hospitable, and I much doubt if she made any profit out of those who were supposed to be "paying guests." More likely than not she lost on them.

Father J. P. Murphy, writing in *The Tablet* after her death, conveyed just what I always felt about her myself. "She was intrepid, gay and debonair. She was one of those women born to wear clothes with an accomplished air. How she managed it is a mystery beyond my mere masculinity, for her poverty was always dire. She had none of that solid way of life that belongs to those whose income, however small, is well-assured. Her life in this respect was an exhilarating adventure in the providence of God, and she walked entirely remote from anything harsh or unfeminine in her nature; her gaiety was at the furthest point from vanity. It was all a sort of riot of humor, as if being a Catholic made one irresistibly happy. She had such ability as well, in all sorts of directions, from such things as ferreting out the most obscure points of information at the British Museum to knowing the names of every plant and bird in England which she loved. Those who take the trouble will find that in all her writings she detests the mere complacency of controversy, and that above all things is herself ascetic and profoundly serious. She would have abhorred the idea of being a successful

Catholic writer without attending to one's own soul. She would and did go to any length to sanctify herself."

This, as all her friends will agree, is the fine woman, the Tertiary of St. Francis, that we knew, loved, and admired; the Cecily who lived on a supernatural plane far above anything we could hope to attain. She had dreamed of finding a refuge from the world in that "late 19th-century Tudor" half-timbered lodge in the Sussex Weald. She loved her garden with its flowers and vegetables. She reveled in the silence and solitude of the woods that surrounded her, perhaps even more the unbroken views to the south, with the long rolling outline of the Downs in the far distance. Sometimes I would protest that this was not real country, but merely an artificial playground created by a millionaire having bought up as much land as he could lay his hands on to safeguard his privacy. Cecily agreed that I might be right, but anyhow, it was Sussex—that was all that mattered, for she loved her native country quite as much as did Hilaire Belloc or Sheila Kaye-Smith, and it was seldom that she did not make it the scene of her novels and short stories.

Once a month she would go to Crawley to assist at the meetings of the Franciscan Tertiaries. She had a special affection for this little friary and its Community. However, owing to circumstances over which she had no control, she had to leave East Lodge after four years. She looked for another cottage in Sussex, but could find

nothing suitable that was within her limited means. Finally, she decided to return to London, and discovered a top-floor flat in Pimlico, not far from the Thames, of which she wrote with great enthusiasm soon after she had moved in. Within a stone's throw was the chapel of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, an added attraction.

Gay, cheerful letters used to arrive, telling me about her life in London, but one could read between the lines that Cecily was far from well, and that her financial position was as uncertain as ever. Few of her friends knew at the time that much of what she wrote—especially for missionary magazines—was a labor of love. Any profits she made from her novels were given away in charity, but one day she wrote, "I now realize that I must waste no time in making some safe niche for myself, if the future and old age are not to be imprudently Franciscan. It is dull to be prudent, but there it is! It is hard to know what to do. There is no material security anywhere today. The only thing is, I'm game for anything."

Her busy, active life was fast drawing to a close, though I wonder now if she realized it. Letters became less frequent; more often it would be a hurriedly scribbled post card that she was "too tired to write more." When she was able, she loved to work at the Santa Maria Hostel for destitute street girls which had recently been opened in London by the Legion of Mary. "I feel I have left my heart in the Santa Maria sink," she wrote one day. Then,

at last it was discovered that poor Cecily had a tumor on the brain, and that only an immediate and dangerous operation could save her life. The operation was performed, but it left her paralyzed and deprived of the power of speech. After four months of torturing pain, such as few are called upon to suffer in this world, she died at the Mount Alvernia Nursing home in Guildford, on October 23, 1938, having been looked after by Franciscan Tertiary Sisters. Her body was taken to Crawley, where it was carried to the grave on the shoulders of the friars, and where it now rests in the peaceful cemetery adjoining the Capuchin church—always her spiritual home and where she had asked to be buried.

A mental picture of Cecily Hallack indelibly fixed in my memory is watching her sail through a crowded restaurant, having spotted me at a corner table where I had been waiting somewhat impatiently for about 20 minutes, wondering what business had detained her. There was something about her appearance that compelled people to look round and pause in their conversation. That day she was wearing that pathetically familiar fur coat, which, despite its age, always managed to look smart. There was just the right amount of lipstick and make-up, but no more. When she sat down and removed her coat, I noticed she had donned another already familiar garment—the famous black frock, suggestive of an exclusive design by Lanvin or Molyneux in its



illusion of expensive simplicity, but which she had got made for almost nothing when she was last in France. Altogether she was perfectly turned out, chic and distinguée. Having apologized for keeping me waiting, she said she must have a cocktail and produced her long cigarette holder. I ordered the drinks and she went on to explain that she felt this was obviously an occasion when she must "celebrate," for she had managed to persuade Methuens to publish her latest novel, *Lady Georgie's House*, and that it was splendid to feel that, at last, she would be in touch with a wider circle of readers than if this book, like all her previous ones, had been issued by one of the smaller Catholic firms.

"I thought there must be some reason for all this glamour business," I remarked. "You look so definitely the professional novelist this morning!" She laughed, adding, "Well! I hope it's all for the greater glory of God!" As she sipped her Martini and toyed with her cigarette holder, it struck me what a shock it would have given people sitting at the adjacent tables if they had been told that my companion was living under the three vows of religion—poverty, chastity, and obedi-

ence—and that her outward appearance was no more than a mask, put on to hide a life of heroic sanctity unsuspected by all but a few most intimate friends, and that even they knew only part of the person wearing the fur coat, smart frock, lipstick and make-up. There was nothing of the typical "devotee" about Cecily. If there was anything she hated it was narrow bigotry and self-advertising piety. St. Francis, when dying, saw nothing odd in asking Lady Giacomina to bring him some of her home-made marzipan—even if it was in bold defiance of the conventional deathbed of a saint. Cecily, like a true Franciscan, saw no reason she should not enjoy the other good gifts that God had provided.

She was always indifferent as to whether she would eventually be regarded as a great Catholic author. Some critics maintain that she failed to produce anything of permanent value. Yet at her best Cecily Hallack is vastly superior to most of her contemporaries. A sufficient proof of the popularity of her novels and stories is to be found in the statement made by a Catholic Truth society librarian that "her books are never on the shelves: there is always a waiting list."



### *A Day Is a Dividend*

A CATHOLIC mother of 12 children was being interrogated by a supercilious social worker who obviously didn't approve of the large family. "How in the world do you have time to care for 12?" she inquired.

"Well," replied the mother, coolly, "when I had one child, he took all of my time—what more can 12 do?"

T. J. McInerney.

# *Let the Worker Teach the Boss*

By  
LAURENCE BURNS



Condensed from  
*America\**

**S**TUDENTS of industrial relations are becoming increasingly aware that the present-day worker is not merely dissatisfied with his pay check, but is dissatisfied with his job. The old-time craftsman's pride in making a complete product is obviously denied to the modern factory worker, who can find little satisfaction in merely tightening nut Z20 on bolt X-302B on a seemingly endless number of identical objects passing continuously before him. He dislikes his work, and the employer who provides it.

The employer may try to reduce this dislike by providing the employees with social and athletic activities, or a company magazine, all intended to foster "company spirit" and prove that the entire organization "is just one big, happy family." But the workers very often feel that in this big family they are considered merely as the children, the problem children, at that, when the employer takes the next standard step and, trying to teach them his own brand of economics, furnishes them with explanations of the company's policies and financial reports. He gives very little satisfaction to the employee, who probably considers it a mere attempt to explain away the company's dictatorial atti-

tude and "fabulous" profits. The worker is not really interested in explanations of the company policies after they are adopted; he cannot take pride in the company as his company unless proposed policies are explained to him before adoption, and unless he has some voice in deciding on them.

Such suggestions will generally be met by the company cry that it cannot surrender the prerogatives of management. This very cry effectively stymied the workers' first postwar attempt to determine how great a wage increase could be paid without a price increase. Management stubbornly refused to open its books and cooperate, and thus lost a magnificent opportunity to avert the succeeding waves of wage and price increases.

The employees do not wish to disrupt discipline and efficiency by sharing in management's truly "executive" function, the enforcement of policies; but they would generally like at least an advisory share in the "legislative" function, the deciding of what those policies should be. A decision to discontinue a line of goods, or to move a plant to a distant location, may affect the worker even more than it does the stockholder. Too many executives still draw a sharp line between man-

\*70 E. 45th St., New York City, 17. Nov. 22, 1947.

agement and labor, and believe in the class struggle more rigorously than do the communists.

Business is lagging behind politics in recognizing human rights. Possession of property is no longer generally necessary to vote; but possession of company stock is still the prerequisite for a share in its corporate management. We would be living in an unfortunate country, indeed, if the people had to resort to a military insurrection every time they wished a legislative change; yet the worker is forced to fall back on the strike as his chief means of obtaining justice. Business cannot expect to remain forever the outstanding example of dictatorship in a democracy.

The worker cannot take any real pride in a company as his company so long as he can be dismissed by an arbitrary change in policy made by a remote executive. The dismissed worker can only bang his head against the wall of a "line organization"; there is no one to whom he may present whatever case he may have. His immediate boss can only say, in a manner reminiscent of Nuremberg: "Don't blame me, I'm just following orders." The dismissal order itself has already been impersonalized by having been sent "through channels," so that the official responsible for it is carefully insulated from any intimate knowledge of the heartbreaks his order creates.

The only way to return responsibility to management is to make the official who decides on the firing policy

do the actual firing. Let him talk to dismissed men in groups, if necessary, but give them plenty of opportunity to talk back. It may well prove to be the most valuable time he will ever spend, for a knowledge of the human beings in his business is at least as important as knowledge of the profit-and-loss sheet.

The union officials are often just as remote from the workers as management itself. The higher union leaders are generally chosen by delegates, and those delegates may in turn have been chosen merely by other delegates, and not directly by the workers. The gulf is well illustrated by the overwhelming rejection by most of the Ford plants of the pension plan sponsored by some of the union's own officials. It is further clear from the referendum vote a year ago in Massachusetts on the bill requiring financial reports from unions. Despite vigorous opposition by union leaders, the referendum won by a vote so large that it was obviously supported by a large number of unionists.

The production suggestions of employees proved valuable during the war, and their ideas on general company policies may be just as valuable. The employees in a mass-production plant are generally the very kind of people to whom the product must be sold. They might know better than the management how to sell the product to people like themselves, what advertising would impress them, what price would make the product appeal to them, what wage they would have to

get before considering the possibility of buying the product.

Employees' ideas on the company or industry setup might well send a breath of fresh air over the arid desert of industrial thinking. For the last two decades businessmen have almost unanimously opposed every progressive economic measure as being bad for business, yet today, with the measures adopted, business and profits are of greater volume than ever. The businessmen did not know what was good for business. They knew details, but not general principles; the forest was obscured by the trees.

Despite modern production methods and magnificent machinery, industry is stagnant in its economic thinking. Only recently, the head of one of our largest business groups looked back fondly on the 1920's and stated that the conditions of the last 20 years had "put the brakes" on industrial progress. And yet most people thought someone had stepped on the accelerator!

Man-to-man discussion with his

workers might eventually broaden the average businessman's economic views, and might also dispose of some of the pet economic errors of the workers. The opinion of the majority of the employees in such discussions need not be binding on the company to be effective; some of the employee's economic ideas, once really understood by the management, would probably be adopted for sheer merit, and others might be abandoned by the whole group if discussion showed them to be impractical. Where differences on vital points proved irreconcilable, the employees could still fall back on a strike, but the frequency of such occurrences would be reduced by discussion groups. The worker would emerge with a new sense of dignity in his position, a better understanding of the relation of the company's problems to his own, and a real sense of "belonging"; and the employer would gradually learn to consider his employees less as statistics and more as real people, alive, anxious and able to help solve problems.



### *Radio Down to Earth*

*I*N Austin, Texas, a funeral home wished to buy from the local CBS station a spot announcement of its services before and after a certain program on the *Radio Theater*. The station had to say No, although admitting that the morticians had a very slick idea indeed. The show the funeral home wanted to advertise itself before and after was a radio adaptation of *Nobody Lives Forever*.

Bill Smith in *On the Air*.



Turn but a stone, and start a wing!

## Letter to my Guardian Angel

By J. P. DE FONSEKA

WHEN I have written this letter I shall not trouble to mail it to

Condensed from  
the *Ceylon Catholic  
Messenger*\*

you, knowing that it would take wing to you without the use of apparatus for which we pay higher rates and paste down the tab on our envelopes to say *Air Mail*.

I may write this in the English tongue or, if I can manage the business, even in Latin or Greek or Hebrew or in any other tongue, for that matter. I know you will be equal to any language without the worry of acquiring it. But it is on my side that I shall have to see that my grammar and idiom are right. It certainly would not do to write to angels in bad Latin, unless it were to give them some little amusement in the midst of so many other really terrible things which the angels guardian must know of their respective human charges.

There is a form of words current in the Church recommended for use, and actually in use, for petition of the guardian angel as a pious daily exercise. This is generally said before going to sleep, and is based on the sound theological doctrine that angels do not go to sleep.

What does one's guardian angel do when one is asleep? Does he retire to

the celestial mansions? The final prayer of the Church's official night prayer (Compline) begs the Lord that His holy angels inhabit the house, who guard us in peace. And no doubt the holy angels do. That assurance should suffice.

I know that Your Exaltation would at once realize how nearly impossible it is for creatures who are body to look at, and some of them so much body, to grapple with the idea of a spirit. Our artists and others of the limited imagination of human creatures try indeed to help us out by rendering the angels in our image and likeness, but adding thereto the delicate complement of wings. The dreadful word for this process is *anthropomorphization*. Fancy the embarrassment it would be to Your Exaltation, and myself also, to have such a being, an anthropomorphized angel, by and about me all the time in every place; and all others of the human species having theirs also in the same inevitable fashion.

However, something is to be said for the angels of artistic creation. Without such an *aide-memoire*, Your Exaltation would know how often I forget you are there when you are all there. I cannot see you, nor hear, nor

\*Colombo, Ceylon. Oct. 19, 1947.



touch nor smell you, though certainly a celestial sweetness must undoubtedly accompany you in all your walks with me.

To realize your presence I must rise above myself and, in the process of visualizing you, my poor head is on the verge of bursting its bounds, for, by its nature, the conception of a spiritual being is beyond its limits. In the life of a holy man of our own time, the pious French parish priest, Père Lamy, the author says how vividly this holy soul realized the guardian angel, his own and other people's. Père Lamy used to greet a Christian man, "*Bon jour* to you both." *Both* meant man and angel. Père Lamy did not say *I* in reference to himself. He used to say *We*: himself and angel. "We are happy to see you." "We are going out for a walk." "We shall be back by six o'clock."

It is said that this holy man used to see the angel, which was positive justification for his use of the plurals. But this was an extraordinary grace. Père Lamy, in his staggering humility, did not feel there was anything unusual in it; and so he went his way (or, we should say, so they went their way).

For those of us who have not the gift of Père Lamy, please Your Exaltation to give us now and then some mild reminder. Let us say, when, by all the laws of nature, we should have dashed our foot against a stone and we actually didn't, then let us think and know and believe that the Lord hath given his angels charge over us to keep

us in all our ways. In other words, at the famous 90th Psalm (which is recited in the Sunday Compline, so appositely) I am expected to remember the ministry to me of Your Exaltation, always faithful to your mandate of celestial overseership of me. The Psalm proceeds to say, that because of this protection, I can walk upon asp and basilisk and trample lion and dragon underfoot. Normally this would be a most ticklish business; but the promise can be true if the measure of my faith in Your Exaltation is perfect and I can rise thereto as, let me say, Père Lamy could.

The same angelic Psalm refers to such dangers as "the arrow that flieth in the day, the business that walketh about in the dark, invasion, or the noonday devil." Those who went through the worst of the 2nd World War know that this is not rhetoric. Let what Jacob said, what Judith and Tobias said, what the 23rd of Exodus says, commend me to the awareness of Your Exaltation's abiding presence with me.

St. Bernard said, "In every apartment, in every closet, in every corner, pay a respect to your angel. Dare you do before him what you durst not commit if I saw you?"

St. Thomas Aquinas (who was himself called an angel, but in spite of his unsurpassed intellect still fell short, very short of the actually angelic) asked and answered thus of your Angelic Essences, "Can an angel act upon man or illumine his thought and mind? Yes. Can an angel move the will of

man by influencing it directly? No.

"Can an angel counteract or check the action of devils? Yes. Are there guardian angels for men? Yes. One for each or one for several? One for each. Are all men without exception committed to an angel apiece? Even so. When is he so appointed? At the man's coming into the world.

"Does an angel sometimes quit? Never, not until the man's last moment upon earth. Is it a commendable thing to commit oneself to one's angel often and in all things? Yes, it is an excellent thing.

"May one be infallibly certain of this protection once it is invoked? Yes, provided the demand is consistent with the eternal counsel.

"Do angels sorrow over the sins of those they have charge of? No, after what lies in their power to prevent sin,

should sin nevertheless prevail, they adore in this as in all else the inscrutability of the divine plan."

But saying all this to Your Exaltation, even in the angelology of an Aquinas, would be carrying coals to Newcastle. Angels know what is in man; but man has need to know angels.

An angel cannot be a better angel, but a man can be a better man. To this end, Angelic Essence, vouchsafe your ministry.

Do angels whose missions terminate take on new commissions? In which case, do their records present services rendered down the centuries of time? I am wondering. I have never heard of speculation on this, not even from St. Thomas Aquinas. Who was St. Thomas's angel, anyhow? I wonder.

And now, hail, but not farewell.



### *No Jokes Taken*

THE "Miss" Margaret Schlachta suspended from Hungary's Parliament for an alleged slur on the Soviet Union is a nun, founder of the Sisters of Social Service, who was twice sentenced for "offending" the Germans.

Press reports say Mother Schlachta's slur was a proposed ban on Darwin's *Origin of Species*. She explained it taught that the human body consisted of nothing but chemicals. Chemicals, she said, might be asked as reparations by the Soviet Union.

The Parliamentary Committee on Immunity found that this proposal "greatly violated the nation's interests in foreign relations with the Soviet Union."

The London Universe (14 Nov. '47).

*Skin-deep sentiment*

# Tattooing

By  
MARY WHITEFORD



# Up To Date

Condensed from the  
*Holy Name Journal*\*

TATTOOING is no longer merely a device to hallmark the swash-buckling sailor. Its practical value has raised it to the status of a science. The Chicago tattooist, Tatts Thomas, who works with a group of doctors, says the greatest value of modern tattooing is its effectiveness in cases of slight disfigurement that are not important enough for plastic surgery. "Lots of fellows come home from service with scars that make them self-conscious, but they don't have the time or money eradication by surgery would require. I develop a pigment the same color as the patient's skin, and the scar can be made almost invisible by tattooing."

Tattooing became a naval tradition when sailors, to prove they had really been places, began collecting tattoo marks identifiable with certain countries, in much the same way that globe trotters plaster their luggage with foreign labels. In those days, native tribesmen did the job with a clamshell and a little black dye. What black-skinned savages could do, sailors decided, white-skinned seafarers could do, and to kill time on their long windjammer journeys, the crew began tattooing each other. "It was entertainment for the whole ship's company," according

to Cap Mitcham, who pilots a barge on the Chicago river, "to gather in the fo'castle and watch a design growing on a man's back. A big design might take a month. In my day, a man wasn't a real sailor unless he had 20 or 30 designs on his body."

But a submarine commander, doing a stint in Naval Intelligence, pointed out that in our 1940-46 navy, only about 8% of the personnel were tattooed. "The fellows today are practical. To begin with, they know that while it costs only five bucks to have a couple of anchors and a girl's name put on their chests, 50 bucks won't always take them off. In my own ship of 75 men, only four or five are tattooed, and that's the average percentage."

After the preliminary process of shaving and scrubbing, the selected design is traced from a pattern onto the skin, unless the tattooist is a free-hand artist. Then the black outline is made, with punctures which penetrate the skin to about 1/32 of an inch. In the old days, common laundry bluing, lamp black, brick dust, cinnabar, and gunpowder, mixed with a little saliva, took care of the coloring problem. Now there is a special pigment in a

\*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. December, 1947.

range of about 18 colors, which the tattooist mixes with cocoa oil, water or alcohol.

No one knows whether the job is a success at first. It is only an indistinct blur until the scab falls away, in a week or so. With electric machines, which have replaced the hand-operated needles, about 3,000 punctures a minute can be made. The old-timer was fast if he got in that many jabs in 30 minutes.

"The price," Mr. Thomas says, "depends on the pattern and the time it takes. You can get a simple design for \$2." An American eagle clutching a flag in his claws is \$5; a snake writhing through a skull, \$10.

Sentimental designs are in greatest demand, possibly because most customers are young. Eighteen is the ordinary client's age. Tattoo artists are forbidden to work on minors.

The process of tattooing evolved from primitive man's custom of marking the body for purposes of tribal identification. A Pacific-island dandy who wished to improve on the crude, temporary paint job that satisfied the village boys devised the permanent form. From tribal marks, symbols indicating individual status in the community developed. Medicine men, aristocrats, warriors, and slaves had distinctive emblems. At various ages, children were given significant marks to indicate their development. Husbands and wives had tattooed on their shoulders secret code marks by which they would recognize each other in the next world.

Purely decorative designs followed, with social status establishing the extent to which individuals could be adorned. Slaves were allowed only three black parallel lines on each cheek. Aristocrats could go the limit.

Even the early Christians used tattooing to identify themselves. A fish, the symbol of Christianity, tattooed inside their wrists proved the right to enter the catacombs. At a later date, Christian prisoners in wars with the Moors were tattooed on the forehead with a cross. When medieval Irish and English pilgrims to the Holy Land started off they were tattooed on the arm with a cross, which would ensure them Christian burial should they die en route. The practice soon sprang up also among those who, far from getting to the Holy Land, never left their own villages. It became so widespread that the council of Northumberland, in 787 A.D., prohibited marking the body with religious symbols.

To missionaries in an isolated village of Indo-China, who thought of themselves as pioneers, natives showed doves tattooed on their wrists, symbols of the Holy Ghost, evidence that they had been visited by missionaries generations before, and that they still retained vestiges of the faith.

In Japan, tattooing was an old-time method of identifying the criminals. Thieves convicted of robbing above the equivalent of \$5 were marked with an X on the forehead. With additional convictions, additional marks were inflicted, so that a criminal's record could not be concealed.

Among other services given by modern tattooists are the replenishing of scanty eyebrows; transforming thin, pale lips into crimson red bows; giving bald men heads of tattooed hair; and infusing a rosy glow into sallow cheeks. On fur farms, tattoo marks are put on the ears of costly animals; thus the pelts are not marred. Race horses are tattooed inside the upper lip.

The world-famous tattooed Greek, in Barnum's gallery of freaks, was Georgious Constantine, whose 300 Persian designs transformed his skin into what seemed a suit of paisley tights. "Not a quarter of an inch of my body is plain," he boasted. "Even my eyelids and the insides of my ears are decorated."

When a bargee on the Chicago river flexed his arm for our admiration, an American flag billowed as his biceps moved. "But it takes a man who knows anatomy to do a job like that," he told us seriously.

He added, "A bosun had the crucifix and the words *Rock of Ages* on his back, because he believed the design would protect a sailor from misfortune. Sure enough, when his ship

floundered off the coast of Ireland, he was the only survivor. Now he has a tombstone on his chest, a memorial to his lost shipmates, and underneath it the words, *Only survivor of the 'Kathleen Mavourneen.'*"

In the 1st World War, the British army stopped soldiers from tattooing regimental insignia on their arms. If they were killed or taken prisoner, examination could supply information about troop locations that might be important to the enemy. The only regulation of the American forces against tattooing provides that designs must in no way offend good taste.

Every now and then it is suggested that all babies be tattooed immediately after birth, as unquestionable identification in years to come, a process that would bring the ancient art back to the purpose for which it was originally contrived.

During the years, the art has degenerated into a kind of play activity, but professional tattooists feel that their exotic vocation has lately been adapted to a useful role in social service and that it is only now approaching its important work.



### *Talent Scout*

A GROUP of Sisters came from New York to the Marian congress in Ottawa to dress the wax figures in some of the exhibits. They did such a wonderful job that the owner of a big store in Toronto—a Presbyterian, by the way—offered them a nice salary if they would leave the convent and dress his shop windows every week.

Eddie Doherty in *Restoration* (Dec. '47).



"Happy plenty too much"

# Sunday in the Solomons

By a Marist  
Missionary Sister

Condensed from  
a brochure\*



SOMEWHERE back in the village a GI-discarded phonograph of dubious vintage whined out the recurrent strains of *A Lazy Sunday Afternoon*. Great white cockatoos squawked raucously in the swaying fronds of a coconut palm. The white coral road leading from the mission compound, lined with scarlet hibiscus hedges, shimmered in the heat.

A lazy Sunday afternoon—in the Solomons? I thought rather grimly of my precious letter from home, only hastily skimmed through, burning a hole in my pocket while I tried single-handed to cope with the line-up for injections. It was high noon, but the steady stream of chestnut-colored natives, skins glistening with perspiration and coconut oil, seemed to move endlessly towards the dispensary door. It was no lazy Sunday afternoon for the missionary who must be up before dawn to prepare for the influx of the countless faithful who trudge in from miles around for confession, Mass, and Communion.

Pausing between injections after a particularly wretched case of skin ulcers, I looked out over the milling,

dripping throng, lanky, spindle-legged Melanesian "Maries," with sleeping babies strapped to their backs, chattering and scolding as they kept an eye on the capering, yipping youngsters at their heels, and the men, "big-fellas-too-much," preening and joking in their calico *lap-laps*, dog-teeth necklaces, and woven arm bands. A lazy Sunday afternoon? With dinner yet to prepare, my companion Sister in the throes of black-water fever, a sick call waiting across the river, a first-Communion class for instruction?

From the copra shed, through the heavy odor of rotting mangoes and putrid fish, the sudden, clean, familiar odor of smoking wood set up a nostalgia for home, sweeping my thoughts back 7,000 miles to an open fire in a New England hearth.

And the memory of other Sundays: my first "visiting Sunday" when, as a postulant in unfamiliar long dress and crisp net veil, I opened the door to the parlor to cast aside a week's acquired decorum in an ecstatic hug from my beaming mom; those quiet Sundays of the novitiate, with classes and work giving way to long, intimate

\*In My Book These Are the Stars. 1947. Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, Crusade Castle, Cincinnati, 26, Ohio. 76 pp. 50¢.

hours in the chapel, climaxed by the solemn moments of evening Benediction; and then the exalted moments of the last Sunday in the States, when, as a professed missionary en route to the Islands, I visited the cathedral and in the shadows of its stately arches renewed my vows to spend myself and be spent for the salvation of souls.

No October hikes now. Instead, wearisome treks through a tropical bush, penetrating cave-like jungles of towering trees with dangling vines, stumbling in knee-deep muck and over writhing roots, fighting off flies, mosquitoes and incipient malaria, sometimes reaching my "dying" patient to find her calmly cooking the family dinner. No loved visitors with news from home, but only a passing boat every six weeks or so, bringing in the mail and taking out mine. No quiet hours in the convent chapel because there is no chapel, but only the village church, heated by the tropical sun to an oven temperature. No evening Benediction, because Benediction has already been given in the morning for the natives who are anxious to get their injections, calico, and an early start on the long trip home. And the cathedral! Only a poor little bamboo structure with a corrugated tin roof, rising from the ruins of a war-wrecked station, with an altar constructed from a packing crate, and the one lone statue of our Lady.

The delighted squeals of the pickaninnies roused me from my momentary reverie. I turned to find Father, now unvested and with sleeves rolled

back, waiting to relieve me. As he deftly manipulated the syringe and needles, his lean, bronzed face softened to a boyish gentleness. With an economy of time characteristic of a lone missionary faced with the problem of being teacher and physician as well as priest and friend to his scattered flock, he kept the youngsters interested, as he worked, by carrying on an endless narration of Bible history, speaking to them in the pidgin English current in the Solomons:

"Big-fella-he-live-on-top, he one fella God. And God he speak along Adam. Close up altogether this fella garden belong you two fella. One fella tree, te tambo (taboo) along you two altogether. This fella tree belong apple. So Adam, Eve, two fella stop along garden and they two fella have'm good time plenty too much. Bimeby, one day, Eve she come along Adam, and she speak, 'More good you, we two fella we eat'm this fella apple.' Adam, he speak, 'No, me fight along God.' And Eve, she speak, 'What name (why) you no like'm me?'"

The crude, almost ridiculous phrases stopped short for a moment as the speaker turned for a fresh supply of the precious inoculations. Try as I might, I have never been able to accustom myself to hearing the beautiful words of God's Testament so shorn of all reverence. For a moment, the poverty of my existence, the loneliness and isolation from all I held dear in the world, the very enormity of the task I had embraced, all seemed to well up and overflow into an ocean of

futility. Were my friends right back home? With all the need of workers there, with airy classrooms and well-stocked hospitals calling for more Sisters, with time for leisure reading and opportunities for doing good among one's very own, why "cast pearls" before savages?

And yet, among my friends, there are some who are making great sacrifices under trying conditions, and to what purpose? There is Vera, capable, intelligent, devoting every waking moment and many of her dream-harried nights to forging ahead as a career woman. To this all-absorbing ambition she has sacrificed the simple pleasures of her family circle and the enduring happiness of making a home of her own. She is on a moment's call to follow her employer whenever or wherever he dictates, in good weather or bad, with the obligation of maintaining the right smile for the "right" people, overlooking the crudities of those who can help her along towards the goal, and ruthlessly crushing out any thought of marriage.

And there is Eileen, who thought it such a lark to go out with her husband for an American oil company, now rebelling against being buried in the far hinterlands of bandit-torn China, hating the strange bland face of the Orient, despising the weaknesses of tropic-soaked "whites," and struggling against dirt, disease, and lethargy.

As I turned towards the hut which serves as convent, I was struck by the faces of my brown children of the bush, big-lipped, beetle-browed, bushy-

haired Fuzzy-Wuzzies, with bone ornaments in their noses, but with their eyes reflecting reverence, awe, and spontaneous, childlike faith.

I hurried along, the sound of the continuing story echoing in my mind, ". . . and Eve, she speak, 'God no savee look along'm two fella all'm time. God, he big fella Master . . .'"

God, he big fella Master . . . big-fella-he-live-on-top, he one fella God! But Eve was wrong. God does "savee look along'm two fella all'm time." And if life in the Solomons is wearisome, lonely, and even crude, it is the crudity of Christ Himself, who, possessing the wisdom of the ages, yet used the rough, unlettered dialect of condemned Galilee.

I thought of our native seminarians, struggling so determinedly against tremendous handicaps, forsaking all the inducements of native life in the villages, hoping, studying, working, and praying for the day of ordination. What but the faith of the martyrs could have inspired descendants of cannibals to accompany the priests and Sisters into exile, to share with them the hardships, fatigues, and even death in the prison camps! And how many an American combat soldier has blessed his Fuzzy-Wuzzy angels who, putting into practice the Christlike principles taught them by the missionaries, risked their lives to bring in the dead and dying, trekking hundreds of miles with the litters of the wounded, over mountain passes and down slippery jungle ravines.

And our native Sisters, first fruits of

the blood of martyrs! Neither the horrors of war nor the torments of the invaders had shaken the constancy of our little community. In spite of threats they ministered to the sick and wounded, buried the American airmen who had crashed in the jungle, smuggled food to the imprisoned, and endured every torture designed to rob them of their virtue.

Was I casting pearls before savages? As I wondered, I could only pity Vera and her blind pursuit of success and fame. I murmured a little prayer for Eileen and her discontented, aimless

life abroad. And, oh, how I thanked God for the privilege of forming Christ in the souls of the natives of the Solomons!

Katarina spied me as I came in the door, little Katarina, whom we had rescued from her dying mother's arms, now Sister Katarina, realizing her dream of "me make'm Sisista Mary all'm same like'm you." Katarina saw the smiling light in my eyes. Katarina remarked to little mischievous Maïke, "Sisista have'm good time, she happy plenty too much!"

And Katarina was right!

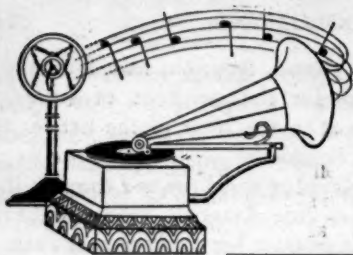


### *This Struck Me*

*Like Chesterton, I was brought up a Universalist. When in my search for eternal truths I began to consider the fantastic possibility that the Catholic Church might actually know the answers, my first question dealt with hell, because I thought I could never come to believe in hell. Chesterton\* has explained perfectly how it is that we who were nurtured in what its adherents call "a sweeter, saner faith" can leave it and find happiness in Catholicism, because of the doctrine of hell rather than in spite of it.*

Supposing I were so miserable as to lose the faith, could I go back to that cheap charity and crude optimism which says that every sin is a blunder, that evil cannot conquer or does not even exist? I could no more go back to those cushioned chapels than a man who has regained his sanity would willingly go back to a padded cell. I might cease to believe in a God of any kind; but I could not cease to think that a God who had made men and angels free was finer than one who coerced them into comfort. I might cease to believe in a future life of any kind; but I could not cease to think it was a finer doctrine that we choose and make our future life than that it is fitted out for us like a hotel and we are taken there in a celestial omnibus as compulsory as a Black Maria. I know that Catholicism is too large for me, and I have not yet explored its beautiful or terrible truths. But I know that Universalism is too small for me; and I could not creep back into that dull safety, who have looked on the dizzy vision of liberty. \*In *The Catholic Church and Conversion* (Macmillan, 1927).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.



*Tower of faith*

## *First Disc Jockey*

By LEO P. WOBIDO, S.J.

Condensed from the *Jesuit Bulletin*\*

**R**ADIO lost a pioneer technician who was also probably its first "disc jockey" when Brother George Rueppel died last May. Brother Rueppel, S.J., in his early days as a radio operator, used to place a microphone in front of a phonograph amplifier: listeners in the area were hearing their first musical radio programs.

Brother Rueppel did not die, however, until he had seen his life's dream come true: a mighty 542-foot FM tower on the campus of St. Louis university dominating all midtown St. Louis. For his community and province this marked another in the station's long record of firsts in the field of educational and religious broadcasting. For Brother Rueppel it was a culmination of more than a quarter century of intensive planning, nerve-racking supervision, back-breaking labor, and heartbreaking struggle.

He had witnessed radio's meteoric progress from babbling infant to mighty giant. His death at the age of 83 was occasion for the public press and professional trade journals to recall radio's infancy and the part Brother Rueppel played in its development. He was freely acknowledged to have

been one of the great radio pioneers.

Curiously enough, most of radio's technical pioneers were not electronic experts, and neither was Brother Rueppel. Instead, he was by choice an experimental physicist, something of a seismologist, and pre-eminently a meteorologist. He was also a scientifically trained telegrapher and an instructor of telegraph operators.

He always insisted that his entry into radio was an accident. The St. Louis university science department had set up a wireless station in 1912, to communicate with other seismological stations around the country and to send out weather reports from its meteorological observatory.

In 1920 Father John Goesse had a long-wave telephone transmitter constructed in the physics laboratory for communicating with similar stations throughout the Middle West. On leaving for his annual retreat, he asked Brother Rueppel to take charge of the instrument during his absence. Brother Rueppel not only taught himself how to operate the machine expertly but also became intensely interested in the mechanics of telephony. From that time forward, Brother Rueppel was in

\*4511 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo. December, 1947.



full charge of the university's department of communications.

Also about that time, Frank Conrad, Pittsburgh electrical engineer, was working on a wireless transmitter for the Navy Department in hopes of applying the new electronic device Dr. Lee de Forest had recently developed. For experimental purposes, Doctor Conrad used to send phonograph music through the radio tube along with news and weather reports to friends living outside the town for whom he had built homemade receiving devices.

Learning of Conrad's experiments, Brother Rueppel set out immediately to read all the literature he could gather on the new science of radio telephony. Five months after Conrad began broadcasting from a little shed atop the roof of the plant where he worked, Brother Rueppel had a somewhat similar transmitter constructed in one of the laboratories on the top floor of the university's Administration building, from which he began sending out regular weather reports.

When manufacture of crystal receiving sets sprang up overnight, weather and market reports and other information sent out from the university became extremely valuable to farmers. An official document signed by the U. S. Secretary of Agriculture attests the distinction that the university station 9YK, as it was then designated, was the first "Agricultural School of the Air." The following year, 1922, the Department of Commerce took over supervision of all broadcasting facilities in the country.

The university station, recognized by the government as second in the U. S. and first west of the Mississippi river, was officially licensed to operate as a public station and to be known henceforth as Station WEW. "We Enlighten the World" was the Brother's personal interpretation of the newly acquired call letters.

Brother Rueppel recognized from the beginning the tremendous force radio would one day become in the lives of the millions, and at the same time the powerful public service it could render to religion and culture. At the request of some disabled 1st World War veterans at Jefferson Barracks, outside the city, Brother Rueppel began broadcasting the Sunday high Mass and sermon from St. Francis Xavier's (college) church, soon followed by the *Tre Ore*, novenas, and other special services.

From these weekly and seasonal Catholic broadcasts, first ever to go over the air, Brother Rueppel originated a daily Catholic feature which he called the *Day's Dedication Program*. Out of this morning devotional feature evolved the *Morning Offering Program* which eventually became the world-wide *Sacred Heart Hour*, which still originates in the studios of WEW and is heard daily by millions by transcription over 453 outlets in 14 countries throughout the world. With assistance of Jesuit theological students, he next began broadcasting a weekly *Question Box Hour*, first Catholic inquiry forum of the air, forerunner of the numerous quiz programs popular

today. To inject more variety into his morning program schedule, he inserted a just-for-women feature, *Aunt Sammy's Prize Recipes*. For 15 minutes Monday through Friday Brother Rueppel became the local cooking authority, Aunt Sammy.

The Federal Communications commission, regulatory board created by the Federal Communications act of 1928, made certain uniform requirements obligatory on all radio stations operating in the public interest. A minimum of six hours' continuous broadcasting was required of every station under penalty of losing its license. Characteristically, Brother Rueppel met every one of the commission's stringent demands, with no increase of personnel. Besides being engineer, he was station manager, program director, continuity writer, platter turner, announcer, talent scout, and star performer.

For some years the radio station had been operating independently of the university science department. This was a more satisfactory arrangement, except for the fact that there had been no subsidy provided for maintenance and development of the station. And since it was strictly an educational station, no revenue came in from advertising or any other source. Hence Brother was hard put to meet the FCC's rather stiff demands for installing standardized equipment.

A few anonymous "angels" came to his assistance, enabling him to have the audial equipment rebuilt and the transmitter facilities improved. But

when the station was transferred to more spacious quarters on the top floor of the Law School building, it was imperative that a new tower be erected and modern transmitter installed.

Knights of Columbus councils financed the undertaking, but no engineer could be found who could assemble the intricate apparatus. Then one Sunday afternoon a young electronic engineer called at the station and inquired for Brother Rueppel. Joseph A. Volk, himself a native-born Bavarian, had only recently come from the RCA laboratories in the East to St. Louis to settle there permanently. This brilliant young man turned out to be the angel-in-the-flesh that Brother Rueppel had long been praying for, and the friendship begun that day lasted until Brother's last minute on earth.

Mr. Volk was able to handle all of the rising station's technical problems, and Brother Rueppel met the extraordinary expenses necessary in his own extraordinary way. His repeated recourse in financial crisis to our Lady, St. Joseph, and the Little Flower is legendary. Mr. Volk distinctly recalls one such instance during Holy Week of 1929. While the two were making final adjustments in the sacristy preparatory to broadcasting *Tre Ore* services, one of the main tubes in the remote amplifier suddenly burned out.

"You'd better do something about this right away," advised Mr. Volk, "if you expect to go on the air tomorrow afternoon."

"That's what I'm going to do right

now," Brother quietly replied, and went out into the church and knelt for a while before the shrine of the Little Flower.

Next morning after breakfast Brother Rueppel got an unexpected phone call from a WEW fan asking for an admission ticket to the *Tre Ore* services that afternoon. Brother briefly explained his predicament.

"Well, get a new tube right away," insisted the voice.

"But one costs \$270, and I haven't the money," the Brother remonstrated.

"Then get two of them," commanded the caller, "so you'll have a spare one on hand; and send the bill to me."

The new tubes were delivered shortly before noon, and the *Tre Ore* went on the air on schedule.

A whole series of articles could be written recounting similar instances of Brother Rueppel's living faith and childlike trust in prayer. Certainly some day a book will be written about this remarkable character. It will contain a chapter about his childhood and youth in Germany and his early scientific training.

A chapter will be devoted to his years of successful teaching of young men at Canisius college in Buffalo, at St. Ignatius college, Cleveland, at St. John's, Toledo, and St. Louis university, almost a lifetime's work, even before he began his long career in radio.

Another chapter will recall his long years of useful service in the meteorological and seismological departments

of the university: how he operated the 36 large weather registers of the type used by the U. S. Weather bureau for recording the hourly temperatures, wind directions and velocity, how twice daily, in all weathers, this tireless devoted worker climbed up to the roof to read the charts and record the data for his monthly weather reports to the government. Still another will tell of his seismological services and how he managed to keep the delicate temperamental recorder in perfect working condition.

His tremendous influence on the students under his charge, and the attachment of the young men whom he trained in radio will provide ample material for another chapter or two.

Fittingly, the splendid new building that houses the Institute of Geophysical Technology has only lately been renamed Rueppel hall. A few weeks ago a dramatization of his remarkable achievements was broadcast from the station he himself had begun and developed. Significantly, it was entitled *The Forecaster*.

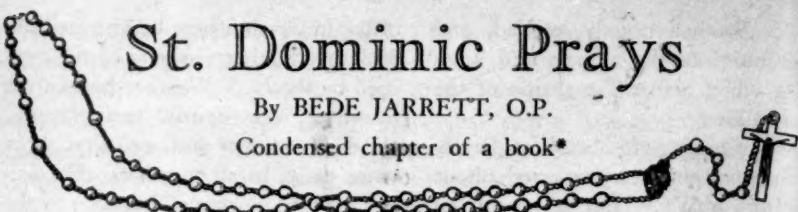
More than 20 years ago Brother Rueppel had predicted that one day the university would provide the listeners in the St. Louis area with a continuous series of professionally produced religious, educational and cultural programs which would not be matched anywhere in the nation. He lived to see installed the finest technical facilities which would transmit the new university-sponsored broadcasts. But the first of these was broadcast the day following his death.

*Like incense in Thy sight*

# St. Dominic Prays

By BEDE JARRETT, O.P.

Condensed chapter of a book\*



**S**T. DOMINIC, in planning the Order that bears his name, did not intend to found a mere literary club where his apostles were to reside between sermons and lectures. He knew the tendency of study to dry up the emotional side of human nature. In literature the professor is commonly represented as the type of man who has lost all sympathy with the troubles of suffering humanity. He is pictured as being so absorbed in the past or in abstract studies or the lifeless theories of science as not to realize that the past is over, that life is concrete, that life is indeed alive.

In the eyes of St. Dominic, the danger, especially for his followers, would be their absorption in study, so that the labor of the ministry would become repulsive to them. To insist upon the apostolic spirit being kept alive, St. Dominic enforced upon his preachers the Divine Office said chorally, laws of silence and fast, the disciplines of cloister, poverty, chastity, and obedience. Paradoxically, to make his apostles apostolic, St. Dominic first made them monks; to drive them into the world, he drove them from it.

To the exhausting work of preaching he added the detailed cloistral

duties. To begin with, there was to be the full cycle of the chanted Office. Perhaps in those days to have omitted this would have been an impossibility, for the idea had not yet been suggested of Religious who would say the Divine Office in private. Even the secular parish priests were supposed by the canon law of that time as far as possible to make the liturgical prayer a public ceremony in which the congregation could and did join. Councils, both national and provincial, insisted on this point, and especially ordained that prime and compline should be regarded as parochial and almost obligatory forms of morning and evening prayer. St. Dominic would not have thought of giving up the choral recitation of the Office, for he was a great lover of liturgical prayer.

His biographers tell us repeatedly of his own fashion in devotion. He sang the morning Mass whenever he possibly could, arranging his journeys so as to be at some priory, whether of his own Order or not, in time for celebration of Mass. We read of him genuflecting countless times before the figure of the Crucified, repeatedly prostrating himself. Bowing, kneel-

\*The Life of St. Dominic. 1947. Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Md. 180 pp. \$2.50.

ing, standing, every posture of the body, every gesture of it, had, according to his idea, to be welded into the proper method of addressing God. He looked on the worship to be rendered to God as something which claimed the whole of man, which was due from every gift or faculty of soul or body. Hence the idea of serried ranks of men in choir stalls, chanting the praises of their Maker, and elaborating their ceremony by the detailed, punctilious customs of courts, always held his fancy. He is described as leaving his stall and passing up and down among the brethren and exhorting them: "*Fortiter, fratres*" ("More bravely, my brothers").

The choral Office, when chanted measuredly, makes the character unconsciously grave and decorous, gives it opportunity for prolonged contemplation of the mysteries and words of God, and affords it that food for daily sustenance which has nowadays to be provided in the form of set meditation. In those days, to lay and cleric, the Divine Office and the sacred Sacrifice completed the fullness of the matter of spiritual life. Retreats, meditations, private devotions, were not thought much of in comparison with that official salutation of the Creator. Men in those days were led to think of the words of the Scriptures, because they could seldom read them. Now they read the Scriptures so much that they lack time to think about them.

Besides recitation of the Divine Office, which was then generally sung in the greater priories but monotoned

in the smaller communities (on account of the fewness of the numbers, when so many might be out preaching or seeking alms), Dominic added fasts and austerities which were considered even then to place the Friars Preachers among the most severe of the Religious Orders of the Church. No doubt the early contact of the saint and his first companions with the dualistic heretics in Eastern and Mid-Europe made them incline, as far as the faith allowed, to admit the evil tendency of material things; Dominic's deliberate purpose was to show that austerity, upon which the heretics so justly prided themselves, was not entirely unknown in the Catholic body. The use of flesh meat was entirely renounced; linen, still more silk, was strictly forbidden (except for those who might be afflicted by one of the numerous skin diseases prevalent in the Middle Ages); sleep was shortened to hours barely necessary for human work.

Yet with this fiercer tone of St. Dominic's ideal, there sounded a lyric note of gladness. He insisted upon the choral recitation of the Divine Office, but was no less determined that it should not be so unduly prolonged or chanted so slowly as to shorten the time for study. When it was reported to him that some of the brethren were becoming scrupulous over the rule and fearful of committing sin by transgressing its least command, he was so moved that he declared he would go into every cloister with his knife and destroy every copy of the Consti-



tutions rather than burden men with a galling yoke. He declared then and afterwards that he did not intend that the rule should bind under sin.

His own boyhood reveals to us a rather solemn little character, detached, austere; his university life forced him still more in upon himself, as he found his books of much more interest than his companions, and disliked their hearty games and frivolous amusements. The only human note that reaches us from that period was his quick sympathy and compassion for the sufferings and sorrows of others; otherwise he appears a student rather than a man of action. The peace and seclusion of Osma, where he was a canon regular for nine years, succeeded in showing him where his salvation lay, namely, in the chanted Office, the priestly and sacramental life, community obligations, and interchange of opinion. Naturally generous, he now became much more human and fuller of sympathy, more companionable, and discovered that this correction of his rather abstract tendencies grew out of prayer in its choral and public expression.

It was in prayer that he learned his lesson of untiring energy, and in which he increased his friendship with God. It was precisely in the more personal forms of prayer that he found it most natural to talk.

It was for this reason that the devotion of the Rosary found in him its keenest apostle. His own way of personal prayer consisted of vocal expres-

sions of love and adoration, intermingled with silences; it passed from speech to contemplation. All these elements were united in the Rosary. It was contemplative and vocal. It comprised the saying of Our Fathers and Hail Marys which were checked and noted by a string of beads, a contrivance, of course, older even than Christianity, and already widespread over Europe before his time. St. Dominic did not invent the beads, though it would seem that he popularized them. To him, however, a papal tradition points as the originator of the division into decades or groups of ten, separated by larger beads called *Paternosters*. Under the influence of the Order use of the chaplets spread widely over Christendom. From Dominic's time they are to be found carved on tombs and are increasingly alluded to in devotional literature.

But the mere recitation of prayers would be of no use unless accompanied by a consciousness of God's presence. It was necessary to add the idea of some mystery, some act or scene of our Lord's life, and present it vividly to the imagination so as ultimately to stir the heart to love and worship. The fixing of definite mysteries and of their traditional number was no doubt a centuries-long process, but from the beginning each group of ten was devoted to a particular contemplation. The decades were scenes carefully chosen out of our Lord's life as pictured in the Gospels or tradition, and while the lips repeated the most familiar of all prayers, the mind was to

become the better able to hold on to the truth of the scene and gather its full significance. The recitation became almost a mechanical aid to reflection. The purpose of the Rosary was, therefore, to produce the effect that St. Dominic had in view in all his prayers, an intense application of the human soul to the divine personality of Christ.

Finally, it is to be noted that the Rosary allows for that pause or silence which Dominic considered essential to prayer. He was the simplest of all the saints in his use of prayer, in no wise hardened by his intellectual activities nor by the fierce work of preaching and its incessant demands upon his vital energy. The action of prayer, in his view, should never be considered as though it were limited to the human agent, as though man alone was the active partner in it. It must include the silent consciousness of the divine Presence.

The more deeply we feel the less we have to say. Facile and shallow natures bubble over with running comment, have a word here and there to explain all they feel; but deeper natures, when moved and stirred, find that the silence of wonder alone fits their mood. "I were but little happy, if I could say how much" is Shakespeare's way of expressing this generally accepted truth. For this reason, therefore, Dominic added to this simplest of prayers the practice of silence.

"Vain repetitions" was the official judgment of the reform in Elizabethan days; yet in the deepest moment of his

agony Christ crying out to His Father while the sweat broke from Him and He fell beaten to the ground, "prayed the third time saying the self-same word" (Matt. 26:44). If such a soul, in its most terrible moment, having found its best expression sought none other, can less perfect souls be blamed who follow closely that example? For after all, the very repetition of words, droned heavily out, deadens the senses to the world about and opens the understanding of the soul to other and higher planes of thought.

Everything that could help to produce this truth vividly was made use of: vocal prayer, gestures, beads; and, since he found that a dialogue of speech and silence, a chorus of praise, could be more easily secured by a devotion to the sacramental Presence, it was round the altar that Dominic grouped his interests. The Mass was prayer's highest expression; the crucifix its homeliest representation. The Gospels most wonderfully depict that perfect life and character, and show up against background of hill and lake, field and village and cobbled streets the moving figure of the loyal friend. Hence the Mass became Dominic's most particular devotion; the crucifix his daily companion, his "ever open book"; and the New Testament his favorite study, carried always, learned by heart, made the textbook of life. "He spoke only of and to God," said a follower of Dominic; and we feel that he did this naturally because God was the central object of his daily work and nightly watching.

Departure and destination unknown

# Fate of the Gypsy

By FREDERICK COWLES

Condensed from *The Tablet*\*

**U**NDER nazi rule, more than 50% of the German Jews were liquidated. But it is not so generally realized that the nazis regarded the Gypsies as an antisocial pest and treated them with more ferocity than they did the Jews. A stateless people, the Gypsies had no rights, and were tortured and murdered in the concentration camps. Records of Belsen and Buchenwald tell of trenches filled with the dead bodies of Gypsies whose only crime was their race. For obvious reasons it is impossible to gather reliable statistics, but in an article recently published in the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society* it is estimated that of 5,000 Gypsies who formerly roamed the roads of Germany fewer than 700 remain alive today.

There doesn't seem to be any place for Gypsies in this postwar world. The new direction of labor in England will take them from the roads and put them into industry. In Hungary, where Gypsies have always been tolerated and respected, they are now compelled to report regularly to the police. In Russia they are forced to become sedentary, and an experiment



called the Moscow Gypsy Theater, although successful in its way, is state controlled. Belgium has built a special Gypsy village where, it is fondly hoped, the nomads will live and follow their trades as law-abiding citizens. For centuries similar attempts have been made to persuade the Gypsies to abandon their nomadic habits, never with success. But now it seems that modern conditions and restrictions may bring about disappearance of the *Romani-chals* from the roads of Europe.

Most persons look upon Gypsies as undesirable vagabonds. To a few they are glamorized figures in romantic novels or colorful musical comedies. They are certainly vagabonds, if one accepts the dictionary definition of the word, but they are seldom undesirable. Their romance is in their individuality. Throughout the changing centuries they have retained their own solidarity, language and customs; they have remained a race apart, a secret people. The true Gypsy is proud of his lineage, honest in his dealings with his friends, and faithful to a rigid code of behavior. The trouble is that many vagrants, who look like Gypsies, live

\*128 Sloane St., London, S. W. 1, England. Nov. 22, 1947.

like them, and yet have no drop of Gypsy blood in their veins, conduct themselves in a manner which brings discredit upon the real Gypsies. It is inevitable that a wandering race, keeping itself aloof, should be looked upon with suspicion and distrust. The Gypsy encourages this attitude by wrapping himself in an air of mystery, for he still regards himself and his mode of life as far superior to Gentiles and their ways. The consequence is that the Gypsy has always had to face persecution.

The true Gypsy belongs to one of the oldest races on earth, a race so old that its very origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Philologists and anthropologists claim that the first Gypsies were natives of Northern India, and official records fix their appearance in Europe at about 1417. But they were certainly in Europe long before that date. Bataillard, the great French authority, says they taught Europeans use of metals and were traveling the continent as early as the Bronze Age. The medieval legend that they were the tribe of Egyptians who refused to shelter our Lord and His blessed Mother during their flight into Egypt and, for this, were condemned to wander despised and rejected, is no more than a fanciful tale. One fact confounds all theories. No people, not even the Jews, has ever been dispersed on a wider scale and yet retained all its racial characteristics. The Gypsy is a citizen of the world, and there is no country in which the smoke of his campfire does not curl skyward. He

believes his race to be eternal, and that when all the civilizations of the world have crumbled into dust Gypsies will wander through the ruins.

The majority of Central European Gypsies are Catholics. Religious emblems adorn their vans and most of them wear a crucifix or a sacred medal. I personally know of one Hungarian Gypsy who is a very beloved parish priest, and there must be others. I have met Gypsies who have taken the Religious habit in German, Austrian, and Hungarian monasteries, and it has been suggested that a famous cardinal of the last century had Gypsy blood in his veins. There are devout Catholic families, such as the Hearnes, the Furies, and some of the Bucklands, traveling English roads. The Hearnes usually display a religious picture or statue inside the doors of their vans, and evidence of the Furies' faith is to be seen in their family graves in the churchyard of Belmont abbey. I have come across parties of Gypsy pilgrims at many of the great shrines of Europe, and they regard with particular affection certain sacred objects which they can identify with their own race. Among them are Our Lady of Czesztochowa, whose swarthy features have a Gypsy cast; the Black Madonna of Montserrat, said to have been carved by St. Luke and brought to Spain by St. Peter; the skulls of the Three Kings of Cologne who, according to an ancient legend, were Gypsy kings; and above all, the shrine of Sara, the Gypsy saint, near Les-Saintes-Maries in Provence. A great May pilgrimage to

the Provençal shrine was a feature of European Gypsy life in prewar days, and has been revived on a somewhat limited scale this year.

The majority of the present generation of *Romanichals* can read and write. But the illiteracy of the past is responsible for the fact that there is no real Gypsy literature. Books about Gypsies are invariably the work of persons who have felt a natural affinity with them, and fortunately there have always been plenty of writers to whom Gypsy ways have proved an irresistible attraction. The learned Wlislöcki, who wrote so much about the Gypsies, was accepted as a blood brother into one of the Hungarian tribes, with which he spent most of his life. The Frenchman, Paul Bataillard, was an author of many important works on Gypsy history. In England, the Gypsy Lore society, with headquarters in Liverpool, is preserving the heritage of Gypsy folklore and language.

The Gypsy, with his undoubted talents, has done, and is capable of doing, much for the honor of his own race and for civilization in general. In Rumania, Gypsies have edited and published their own newspapers and magazines. There are Rumanian Gypsies who are priests of the Orthodox Church, journalists, professors at universities, actors, and doctors. Gypsy names, such as Ciollacu, Barleaza, and Dinicu, are remembered with national pride. Hungary has its statues of Bihari, Pista Danko, and Panna Cinka, Gypsy musicians. Csermack, Reményi, and Barnu, the Hungarian com-

posers, were Gypsies. The well-known portrait of Michel Barnu, which hangs in Radkan castle, was commissioned by Cardinal Csaky, who himself inscribed it, *The Orpheus of Hungary*. I have known many Gypsy students at the Hungarian universities who have qualified for degrees, and some years ago, there were more than 50 Gypsies attending the famous Russian medical school at Smolensk. I have met Gypsy scholars in France, Germany, and Spain, and even England has had its share of them. To the wandering Gypsies of Europe must go the credit for preservation and embellishment of the folk music, dances, customs, and arts and crafts of the different countries in which they have lived.

Leland, writing more than 50 years ago, said that the child was then born who would see the last Gypsy. Yet there are still about 800,000 Gypsies wandering European roads and adapting themselves to changing conditions. That is their secret: while accepting the circumstances of the moment, they remain changeless at heart. They still remain a complete entity outside the pale of the civilized world. They ask little of the people among whom they move, and are content with their own simple pleasures. Their philosophy is as old as the hills. Through tribulation and suffering they have learned that happiness counts for more than temporal possessions. They are patient enough to await confidently the time when the real outcasts will be the people who have rejected the ideals of freedom.



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★★★★★ With malice toward none ★★★★★

# Lincoln Legacy

By JAMES A. FARLEY

Condensed from an address\*

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**T**HERE is a striking contrast between the view which was held about Lincoln while he was alive, and the personality which has emerged since his death. It is not easy for us today to believe that Lincoln was pictured in his lifetime as a weak man. It was said he did not follow a clear line of policy; that he wavered; that he was dominated by stronger men around him. It has taken a good many years for the history books to make us realize that none of those judgments, which were freely passed by his contemporaries, was even remotely true.

Being a first-class political leader, Lincoln had the wisdom to call in and consult all kinds of men. Again, with fine political instinct, he frequently allowed his visitors to believe that they were really initiating the policy of the country. More than one man of the period who published his diary showed that he was laboring under the delusion that he, and not Lincoln, carried off many of Mr. Lincoln's best strokes. Lincoln was humble enough, and adroit enough, to allow lesser men to believe that they were running the government.

Somewhat the same thing was true of his alleged indecision. We know

today that he was constantly calculating the political support needed to bring the Union together. He was constantly trying to bridge the wide gaps between all sorts of groups. Each group thought it had the only method of saving the country; yet Mr. Lincoln knew that if the country was to be saved he needed to get them all working together.

Mr. Lincoln is frequently thought of as a war President. Yet the policy which has made him great in American history was his persistent use of political methods. He was convinced that wherever political measures could be used, force might be avoided. He stuck to this both before, during, and at the end of, the Civil war.

We find Lincoln endeavoring to make political compromises, rather than to force the issue which led to the Civil war. He differed on the point from many of his colleagues and rivals. Seward, capable New York politician, had taken a position which represented the opinion of New York, but did not give enough common ground on which the entire country could stand.

Lincoln's antislavery sympathies were certainly as strong as Seward's. But when he made his famous cam-

\*At the Lincoln Birthday Dinner of the Catholic Club of Norwalk, Conn. Feb. 12, 1945.

paign of 1860, he was careful to emphasize those elements which would hold the country together, rather than those which would split it in two. Let me be bold enough to risk a theory of my own as to the history of that period.

It seems to me at least possible that if Lincoln had taken office immediately upon his election in November, 1860, instead of having to wait until March of 1861, the Civil war might possibly have been avoided. The reason I think so is this.

Passions were running high in 1860, and the only chance of avoiding the Civil war lay in bringing together, by political methods, the moderates, both of the North and of the South.

But during the months between election and inauguration, a President-elect cannot do very much to guide political movements. He is obliged to leave the holdover President as free as he can, and President Buchanan seemed obviously unable to handle the situation.

Lincoln was doing his best to see that the extremists in the North did not force matters to an impossible point, and he was trying, so far as he could, to establish contact with the more thoughtful southerners, who realized the dangers which would come from forcible uprising. Actually, the moderates in both the North and the South probably were a majority.

Yet the people who were making the most noise were the extremists. On both sides of the Mason-Dixon line they were building up hatred, at a time when Lincoln's policy was to

build up understanding. Until he actually reached the White House there was not a great deal he could do, and during that fatal period emotions were being aroused all along the line. If ever we needed Lincoln, the politician, it was then.

No one can prove an historical "might have been," but having had some contact with politics, I really wonder whether Lincoln's very great gifts in handling politics and politicians might not have been able to bring about a solution by political methods instead of by war.

There is a lesson to be learned from this. Today we can go over the history of that period and see that the extremists on both sides were probably wrong. We know that Lincoln was not the uncouth and brutal figure which some southern hotheads made him out. The southern group who felt so bitterly obviously were sincere, and thought they knew what they were talking about, and yet they were dead wrong, and history proves it.

Those northern extremists who thought Lincoln was a floundering weakling were equally mistaken. Because he did not press for immediate reform they believed him a failure. On one occasion the *New York Times* actually proposed to replace him with a dictator. Today history has shown they were as wrong as their southern counterparts.

Lincoln's doctrine was that democracy would be impossible if nobody ever agreed, and particularly if a minority felt that it could break ranks

and go its own way when political decisions had been reached. This is as true now as it was in his time.

Men tend to repay hatred with hatred, or insult with insult, and if that process is allowed to go on, it becomes impossible for them finally to cooperate in carrying out any course of action. And yet, in a democracy like our own, our entire national life is a vast cooperative scheme. To the technical politician, extremism is not only a crime, it is a blunder.

I think Lincoln taught us this, and though from time to time some may forget, the country as a whole has learned its lesson. It cost us the life of our ablest and noblest statesman. But I think that if he were to come back today, he would say that the sacrifice was not in vain.

In the U. S. today we are able to attack social problems which are often bitter in the extreme, and still find the way of moderate common sense toward an ultimate goal of progress. Without trying to usurp the place of the historian, I think I may say that we owe this in great measure to Abraham Lincoln. Indeed, I think it is not impossible that Lincoln himself hoped that this might be one result of his life's work. His second inaugural address, which contains, as you remember, the famous words "with malice toward none; with charity for all," was itself a plea for greater understanding.

Thurlow Weed, a politician of the time, wrote him a note of praise. Mr. Lincoln's answer, which is not as well

known as is the second inaugural address, was this: "Thank you for yours on the notification speech and on the recent inaugural address. I expect the latter to wear as well as—perhaps better than—anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case is to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought needed to be told, and, as whatever of humiliation there is in it falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford me to tell it."

This was Lincoln anticipating the coming peace, and trying to bring back the state of mind and the political attitude which would make real peace possible. He was engaged in his last and greatest attempt to bring this about, and to reunite the country, almost to the hour of its death.

Time after time, since then, this country has had its problems and its troubles. Time after time wild tongues have again been loosed. Yet the lesson of a great spirit and a great man has remained with us to make of this country a union so firm that even the forces of today which are tearing Europe and Asia apart beat harmlessly against our coasts.

The Union was saved, with God's help, for all time. But the authors of its salvation were the great spirits, North and South, who followed Lincoln's plan, who cast hatreds aside, and in Lincoln's sympathetic spirit

attempted to make the government a means by which this republic binds all Americans in common brotherhood.

The bond was forged faithfully and well. In its time it has overcome the

peril from within, and now we see that it is no less staunch and true against the peril from abroad. That is our legacy from Lincoln and our blessing from God.



### By Force

**BISHOP LUKOMSKI** of Poland protested against the invasion of the cemetery in Lomza by communist organizations during the burial of a local dignitary.

With troops armed with rifles, the communists entered with their red banners. As the protests of the clergy were ineffective, the priests left the cemetery. The funeral then became a political demonstration with speeches and singing of the *Red Flag*.

London *Catholic Herald* (17 Oct. '47).



### By Fraud

**WHEN** we were still in Russia no demands were made on us to carry out religious duties. When we entered Poland we were forced to attend Mass daily. I had to lead my battalion and give an example, kneeling with bared head. At the beginning I covered my face and laughed secretly.

The officers had to approach the altar first. We had been instructed to kneel and put the tongue forward to receive and swallow something white—it was called the *Hostia*.

When my turn came, a small old man bent over me, and suddenly, as he put out his hand, I jumped to my feet and began to cry, "I cannot! I cannot!" The old priest retreated hurriedly.

Because I had interrupted the masquerade, I was threatened with severe punishment and removed from the "Polish" army.

Ukrainian soldier quoted in *Why I Do Not Return to Russia* (London: 1947) by Capt. M. Koriakoff.



### By Finagle

**NOR** baby kissing but Catholic kissing was one of the methods used by Hungary's Reds to fasten Moscow's grip on that 90% anticommunist nation. Leading communists offered to serve as godfathers at Baptisms of children, particularly of peasant families, and the photographs taken at such occasions were skilfully exploited by communist propaganda.

*Catholic Universe Bulletin* (19 Sept. '47).

# The Strange Case of Dr. Ives

By MATTHEW P. KELLY

Condensed from *Stray Notes*\*

A CENTURY ago any Protestant minister could have told you all about Levi Silliman Ives. He was Episcopalian Bishop of North Carolina. His wife was a daughter of the even more renowned Bishop Hobart, of New York. Ives was all-American, six-generations Connecticut Yankee. As a young man he had quit the flinty Presbyterianism of his fathers, and had become a member of the Church of England.

He was ordained a minister in 1823, and eight years later accepted an invitation to be the second Episcopalian Bishop of North Carolina. He set up a training school for students to the ministry, academies for boys and girls, and interested himself especially in Negro work. The bishop was a successful, sincere man of God who had arrived high up in the high church.

Far away at this time, a blessed A-bomb was about to burst. It would yet blow many a high churchman right through the very roof of Anglicanism, and chase many another into the storm cellar of low-church Bible Protestantism. For long centuries the Established Church of England had reposed on a bare table; its Book of Common Prayer serving as a footstool

for the throne; its faith founded on obedience to the private revelations and public diplomacy of the ambitious, able, but none too pious "Virgin Queen" Elizabeth.

The last place in the world from which one might expect a 19th-century religious explosion to burst was an ivy-walled, medieval town on the Thames. In Oxford, hallowed sanctuary of the gentry, the bomb's force piled up. In a secluded, musty parsonage on High St., in the study of a meek, pious preacher, Dr. John Newman, it was nervously experimented upon. Suddenly it burst. It rocked Anglicanism to the accompaniment of the confused, accusing, condemning roar of many voices. It stripped the high church of its sturdiest pillars, leaving for all to see the naked shell of a pretentious state church, built not by the Saviour on the solid stones of the Apostles, but by men on the ill-laid expedients of 16th-century human craft.

The A-bomb was called the Oxford Movement. Its radioactivity reached across the Atlantic, where many a sincere Episcopalian scholar, searching history and his conscience, concluded that the only sure refuge of faith was in the Catholic Church. Bishop Ives

\**Shrine of the Little Flower*, 29 Claver Place, Brooklyn, 16, N. Y. November, 1947.



felt its radiations. He already knew that "papist" tendencies were being punished. Only recently an ordination in New York, at which he assisted, had been interrupted by the raised voices of two clergymen protesting that the prostrate candidate was guilty of being a Catholic in disguise, and unworthy of Holy Orders in the Anglican church. Ives had sat at the trial of old Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, conducted by the Board of Bishops. He had witnessed the suspension of this close friend, ostensibly for unbecoming conduct, but actually for Roman Catholic tendencies.

Yet, down in the Piedmont country Bishop Ives went right on with his own program. He had set up in his diocese a monastic house of study and prayer, coupled with missionary activity. Out of this ardent cultivation of Catholic piety and the rigors of asceticism he secretly hoped to light up the Episcopal church in America with the flame of a spiritual revival.

But the more he studied the early Christian Church, with its authority and sanctity, the more did he realize that his own church was a fruitless doctrinal compromise, morally incapable of stopping the pagan sweep of modern society. "When I looked into the system of Protestantism," he later wrote, "I could see nothing which marked it as hope and home of the wretched; nothing which proclaimed its peculiar fellowship with the poor."

On Christmas, 1852, having made his choice, he knelt in Rome, the first

Protestant bishop since the Reformation to make his submission to the Holy See. The next day, in the Pope's private chapel, Pius IX confirmed Levi Ives.

Back to New York he and his converted wife came two years later, simple Catholic layfolk now. The rancor aroused by their conversion had not subsided. Ives' own brother had announced publicly, "Hereditary insanity in the family has again taken its toll." Ives settled down in a little cottage on 138th St., and proceeded to carve his own niche in Catholic history. The poor became his patrimony.

He threw himself into the wreckage of broken homes and starving families and wild roving bands of street waifs cast up on the streets by immigrant-laden, germ-ridden old tubs. Hundreds of thousands of Europe's destitute deluged the gateway to the new continent. A society of Catholic laymen, named after St. Vincent de Paul, was struggling feverishly against the abysmal poverty among the Catholics. Ives became one of the most active members, and soon his voice, raised in the name of the St. Vincent de Paul society, was stirring Catholic laymen in Baltimore, St. Louis, Louisville, and other big cities to a new crusade of practical Catholic charity.

Then, to get beyond emergency provisions, and to safeguard the faith of children being "farmed out" with no regard to religion, he launched a definite program, frankly imitating Protestant and nonsectarian agencies. He

began arranging for the placement of Catholic children with western Catholic farmers. The plan failed. Then Ives, a century ahead of his time, was quick to see that the well-being of children was best secured by meeting the needs of the young in their own homes. Where that was impossible, institutions under religious auspices were the only solution.

He set up the Society for the Protection of Destitute Catholic Children in New York City. In the face of bitter sectarian opposition, the legislature granted him a charter. The children's crusader, in securing the charter, drove home the true charge that Catholics were not satisfied with the accepted, irreligious way New York State had been caring for its public wards.

Within one year his brain child, the famous Catholic Protectory, was training homeless, friendless street gamins in the faith of their fathers and

the duties of useful citizenship. The government meanwhile was helping this thoroughly Catholic project financially.

In other cities his idea was seized upon, his advice sought. Ives became the symbol of a great cause, practical Catholic charity. People spoke of him with love and reverence. When typhus struck his beloved Protectory in its infancy, along with the devoted Christian Brothers, he chanced the plague himself by nursing the sick youngsters.

Ives died in 1867. His simple headstone reads: "In adherence to his dying request, interred near the children to whose welfare he devoted the last hours of his life."

A strange case was this, that of our almost forgotten man, a Protestant bishop, secure in his place, come down the long road to find as a layman home and peace among the street Arabs from the sidewalks of New York. Ives died rich in what we call sanctity.



### *Vigorous Farewell*

ON SATURDAY before Septuagesima, according to the rubrics of the Church, the singing of the *Alleluia* stops. But it does not just stop. It lingers on, so to speak, because it is sung twice in a beautiful melisma at the end of Vespers. That is as far as the sedate Romans would go.

But north of the Alps, there ruled a louder sense of humor and a noisier display of sentiments: the two chanters who sang the farewell *Alleluia* in the dim Gothic stalls of the Middle Ages were actually chased out of the door of the chapel by two fellows in black carrying thick clubs, and the poor *Alleluia* boys had to run for it.

H. A. Reinhold in *Today* (Mid-Feb. '47).

*Back yard to front page*

# Basketball's



# Crusaders

By MILTON GROSS and  
AL HIRSCHBERG

Condensed from  
*Collier's*\*

**T**HE people of Worcester, Mass., showed no signs of mania until last May 9. On that day 35,000 of them lined the avenues to cheer the Holy Cross NCAA championship basketball team. At a reception following the half-mile-long parade, which included worshiping delegations from Boston and Springfield, Providence, R. I., and Nashua, N. H., 3,000 more strained the Worcester auditorium to its crossbeams to watch Christmas fall in May. The Elks, Knights of Columbus, B'nai B'rith, Masons, Chamber of Commerce, and Holy Cross Marching and Chowder club showered Coach Alvin (Doggie) Julian and his Crusaders with tickets to movie shows, clothing, and gift certificates to most shops in town.

Since Holy Cross had won the title almost two months earlier at Madison Square Garden in New York City, this recognition would seem somewhat tardy. It would have been, were it not for the fact that the Crusader's basketball championship and Worcester's acceptance of the sport itself are both wonders. New Englanders are not prone to clasp wonders to their bosoms in a hurry, as the witches of Salem discovered.

Except for little Rhode Island State in Kingston and isolated Dartmouth at Hanover, N. H., New England has been an insular territory in a basketball sense. The sport was born there, but through the more than 50 years since Dr. James A. Naismith attached a pair of bushel baskets to the balcony in the Springfield YMCA college gymnasium, New England had remained a basketball no-man's land.

Three years ago Boston, which has supported hockey handsomely as its major winter pastime, gave basketball and Holy Cross the back of its hand. Seven doubleheaders tried at the Boston Garden in the 1944-45 season drew a total of 29,000 spectators. The Garden took an \$11,000 loss. If Holy Cross, as one of the attractions, could be taken as a criterion for the entertainment offered, even that handful of spectators had been rooked.

No evangelist ever effected so general a conversion in such barren territory in so short a time as 44-year-old Doggie Julian. To him basketball was next to religion and had been ever since his high-school days in Reading, Pa., when he was allowed to work out with the talented Original Celtics.

Alvin Julian came from Mühlen-

\* 250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. Dec. 27, 1947.

berg, which he had lifted to national rank from the status of a college team charging 25¢ admission. When he arrived at Holy Cross in the fall of 1945, he did so under the mistaken impression that he had been hired primarily as a big-time basketball coach, and incidentally as a football backfield coach. He hardly had his hat and coat off before he learned he had his shay before Old Dobbins.

Among other things, Doggie discovered Holy Cross had no home basketball court and no gym for practice. As an assistant football coach he could not conduct his basketball practices at a sensible hour, because gridiron workouts came first and they weren't over until 7 P.M. And there were no players of established reputation or talent held over from the previous season. As incidental obstacles, Julian was met with little student interest, little more of the same from the outside, reluctant cooperation from college authorities, and a basketball tradition, such as it was, of mediocrity or worse.

Basketball, dropped three times in Holy Cross athletic history, had been resumed in 1939, but with no appreciable improvement over the previous depressing seasons. It remained a sport coached by somebody else's assistant, and the Crusaders' schedules were the leftovers after Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith had finished picking the bones. Even in such company, Holy Cross had done no better than win 22 and lose 36 in the six seasons preceding Julian's arrival. In the two years since Doggie arrived at Holy Cross, disillusioned but determined, 40 wins have

been recorded in 46 games against the nation's best opposition.

To start the 1945 season, Doggie inherited four holdovers from Hap Riopel, an assistant football coach who had preceded him as basketball mentor. These holdovers were Bob Blinn of Springfield, Joe Dacey of Johnson City, N. Y., and Bernie Prusaczyk and John Whalen of Worcester. In a way, they resented the influx of outsiders whom Doggie had coaxed into his basketball desert, George Kaftan, Dermie O'Connell, Charley Bollinger, Joe and Dave Mullaney, Ken Haggerty and Ronald Anderson from the Greater New York area and Ed Krause from Julian's home town of Reading.

For one thing, the newcomers were superior players. Julian solved the dissension in typically Doggie fashion by throwing the holdovers a bone in early practice sessions, when he would alternate one of them with four of the invaders, who were regulars. Internal harmony, of course, was a prerequisite, since at many of the practice sessions the coach was present only in spirit. Holy Cross had an Orange Bowl football team in 1945, and Doggie, being the backfield coach, could spare only minutes for his basketballers, who did their practicing in an old barn near the college grounds. The barn was a drafty, rickety structure with badly splintered roof and floor, in which Julian and his boys had paced out a makeshift court. But every difficulty had adjusted itself by the time the Crusaders traveled to Madison

Square Garden for their first game under Doggie against City College of New York.

With Haggerty, an ex-G.I., and transfer from Fordham, controlling the ball and the game, the Cross confounded the experts, who had quoted the Crusaders a definite underdog. Holy Cross won by ten points.

Under impetus of this victory, Doggie threw himself around like a canine chasing its tail. A gathering of as many as two people in New England was enough to warrant his appearance and a speech about the wonderful game of basketball. He and his players roamed the streets of Worcester like crusading hordes, engineering the construction of baskets in back yards, attempting all the time to wean future customers and players to their game. The campaign soon showed attendance results.

His team's third game, a victory over Dartmouth, drew 5,500 people to Boston Garden, 2,000 more than had ever before bothered to see a college basketball game there. The day after this win Julian was forced to leave for Miami with the football team for its Orange Bowl encounter, despite his basketball team's brilliant getaway.

Doggie envisioned his dreams going bust while he was away with the football team. Bowling Green, a team of talent and stature, was the next opponent. Minus its coach, a basketball team composed of virile youths could not ordinarily be expected to apply itself to practices. But these were no ordinary players he had pep-talked

into a unit crusading for victory.

Julian returned to Worcester on the night of Jan. 5, five days before the Bowling Green game. Haggerty and Mullaney were at the station.

"Coach, we can whip those guys," Mullaney bubbled. "We know just how to do it. Kaftan, O'Connell and Bollinger went down to New York with us last week and watched them play at the Garden. They're tough and big, but they can be taken. Look, here's their offense." Kneeling there in the Worcester-station dust, Mullaney and Haggerty outlined Bowling Green's style to Julian.

"We've been working out our own offense and defense to match theirs while waiting for you to get back," Haggerty said. "What do you think, coach?"

Holy Cross won, 69-63, before 12,000 customers, who saw 6-foot, 11-inch Don Otten so completely bottled up that he later said, "This was the toughest night I ever had on a basketball floor."

That night Julian initiated locker-room community singing, which has become a ritual for Crusader basketball teams after each practice session and game. "It makes for good fellowship and relieves the tension," says Julian.

The Crusaders are thoroughly sold on their coach. Whatever he says is gospel. Doggie, for example, has a standing rule against drinking soda tonics, ice-cream sodas or any other soft drinks from the time practice starts until the season ends. The team



takes the taboo so seriously that Dermie O'Connell and Bob McMullan and Frank Oftring, who joined the club for the 1946-47 season, called Julian late one evening to ask his permission to have a plate of ice cream.

As one of his preseason conditioners, Julian insists each player know the basketball rule book *in toto*. The value of this thorough preparation became evident to Doggie's boys in a game against Temple two seasons ago. In a scrimmage under Temple's basket, Haggerty, trying to retrieve a rebound, slapped the ball through his opponents' hoop for a goal. As the Crusaders were the last to handle the ball before the score, Referee Eddie Boyle awarded the ball to Temple after the basket, and the Owls responded by completing another quick two-pointer before Julian had time to register a protest from the bench.

Haggerty, however, rebounded from his own chagrin at having given away two points and rushed at Boyle just as the Temples were putting the leather through the hoop. Because Temple had been *credited* with the first two points, Haggerty argued, Holy Cross rightfully should be awarded the ball out of bounds after the basket instead of being doubly penalized. The second basket, therefore, should not count. Boyle agreed, admitted his error, nullified the second Temple score and awarded the ball to Holy Cross to put into play.

Underneath his professional veneer, Doggie is just a guy who likes people. The fact that Bill Gallagher is one of

the team is proof of that. Gallagher is a student, but not a player. He is blind, yet he is considered one of the basketball squad. Encouraged by Julian, who spent much of his spare time explaining to Gallagher what went on at practices, one by one the players lost their timidity and became attracted to him. Gallagher sat on the bench at every game Holy Cross played in the last two seasons, except the three on the road during the last Christmas vacation. Bill lives with the others now and eats with them. They take turns cutting his meat and reading his lessons to him.

A nervous little man with a generous nose and boundless energy, Julian has the epidemic faculty of communicating his enthusiasms to whom-ever he meets. His family always is on an escalator, ascending and descending the emotional scale with him. Last season, during the week Holy Cross was scheduled to oppose Canisius, Doggie came to breakfast, picked up the morning paper, immediately turned to the basketball scores, and proceeded to turn green. Canisius had walloped strong CCNY. Doggie pushed his plate of breakfast eggs from him. Mrs. Julian thereupon lost her appetite. When Christine Marie, Doggie's six-year-old daughter and youngest of his three children, saw her parents despondent, she burst into tears which cascaded into her cereal bowl.

Holy Cross currently is building a gym for Julian's team, which attracted 166,000 people to its games last season. Doggie even has been relieved of his

duties as assistant football coach, so that he can concentrate on retaining the NCAA basketball championship.

Since winning the championship, Doggie has turned down four attractive offers to coach basketball at other colleges. He didn't say why, but certainly members of the Boston Basketball Writers' association know the reason. A few weeks after last winter's

triumph, Doggie was presented with a traveling bag by the Hub scribes. They hastened to assure him the gift was not to be considered a hint for him to hit the road.

"I'm not thinking of moving on yet," Doggie said. "It's not time, although it probably will be when I see a basket hanging in every back yard in Worcester."

*River to the sea*

## Death of a Trappist

By THOMAS MERTON

Condensed from *Integrity*\*

A MAN does not have to drink out of a skull to remind himself that he will one day die, although we all need to be reminded of it. It is one thing to admit intellectually that the world can offer us no permanent satisfactions; but it is quite another thing to live in practice as if worldly pleasures were not destined to last forever.

People outside monasteries really need some systematic method of reminding themselves of death. One might think that the spectacle of a society that is in its last agony ought to be a forceful enough reminder. The smell of decay that comes out of every movie theater and night club ought to

be enough to keep us thinking of the grave. But it takes grace to detect such things.

Inside monasteries, above all, contemplative monasteries, it is a different matter. Once he is out of the novitiate, the Cistercian monk seldom needs to make a systematic meditation on death. A contemplative who forced himself constantly to picture decaying bodies and so forth, would certainly ruin his spiritual life. The aim of all discursive meditations is to convince us of our need of God's power to help us. When such convictions bear fruit, meditation is absorbed into a fundamentally simple, uniform, interior "attitude" that

\*1556 York Ave., New York City, 28. November, 1947.

accompanies the monk everywhere. His soul becomes like a sunflower that follows the divine source of all light and warmth wherever it goes. Its eyes find rest only in constant, silent looking towards God. That is the essence of prayer.

A Cistercian can dispense with formal meditation on death altogether if he follows the liturgy. The Cistercians recite the Office of the Dead on an average of six times a month, and there are four "solemn anniversaries" during the year, when the Office of the Dead and a pontifical requiem are sung. The monks know the principal parts of that Office by heart, and could sing whole passages of the chant without a book. Consequently, it may often happen when he is out at work in the woods and fields that some snatch of chant from the Office of the Dead may start going in the monk's mind. There is a peculiar pathos in the sober Gregorian melodies of that Office, and it brings out all the humility and helplessness that pleads to God in the tremendous words: *Libera me Domine de morte aeterna. . .*

When a Cistercian dies, he is taken in procession to the monastic church, in an open bier, dressed in his habit. He is placed in the middle of the choir with a candle and crucifix at his head and a stoup of holy water at his feet, and until he is buried two monks will always be sitting by the body, day and night, reciting psalms alternately in a low voice. They take turns at this office of charity. At night they take long two-hour shifts, that the constant go-

ing and coming may not wake the others in the common dormitory.

Sometimes night wakes fall to the lot of novices, and without question make a deep impression. The huge empty church becomes very dark and very silent, and the body in the open bier does not seem to lie as still as it ought to, in the flickering candlelight; but you are also very much aware of another Presence, where the sanctuary lamp flickers before the tabernacle; and taking your courage in both hands you start murmuring the Latin words of the Psalms. It is strange how quickly the time goes, and when you suddenly realize that your watch is over, that you must return to your straw mattress and bed of planks, you are somehow unwilling to leave. While you were praying there, a deep, sane, and vivifying sense of fellowship was growing up that linked you in some mysterious way with the soul to which that body once belonged and to which it will one day be returned. And as you walk through the dark, echoing cloister you are no longer afraid of death or of dead bodies but you see them as they are: sad, inevitable things whose sorrow is not without an infinitely merciful remedy.

Praying for the dead in this real, down-to-earth fashion brings an almost experimental appreciation of the doctrine of the communion of saints. One really feels bound in a mysterious, powerful solidarity with these souls, a solidarity, rich and fruitful in its exchange of graces, that will last forever.

Perhaps the most dramatic thing of

all is the way the monk is buried. He is lowered into the ground without coffin or bier. The monastery infirmarian goes down into the grave and covers the face of the corpse, and as soon as he climbs out again the earth begins to fall and the dead Cistercian disappears. And yet this simplicity and poverty have something about them that is immensely clean in comparison with the nightmare of fake luxury and flowers with which the world tries to disguise the fact of death.\* It is not the burial of a monk, wrapped in no other shroud than the clothes he always wore, that is frightening; no, it is those embalmed corpses rouged up to look like waxworks and couched in satin cushions that terrify the heart and make even the healthy smell of flowers horrible by the association with undertakers and funerals.

But the most important thing is not how the body of a Cistercian is buried; that is trivial. The real question is: how does such a soul enter into the presence of God?

The death of a true contemplative is inevitably the crown of a life of contemplation. It is the final liberation of a soul from all that impeded it, prevented it from seeing God, held it back from the perfect possession of God, and restrained its swift flight to the center towards which it has tended with the almost irresistible gravitation of pure love. At last the body breaks like a web and the soul leaps out, exulting like a flame into the blinding glory of God.

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dec., 1947, p. 54.

There is no purgatory for the perfect contemplative, because there is nothing left; his liberation is complete. He has had his purgatory on earth, in years of searing, searching, interior trials, years of charity, humility, poverty, and obscure labor that have stripped him of layer after layer of selfishness and imperfection, and reduced him to nothing in his own eyes. He has been delivered from his own selfishness, callousness, and hardness of heart by years of sacrifice. The penetrating fire of infused love has made all selfishness intolerable for him, and it has purged him slowly and inexorably of every desire for created pleasure, ambition, and hope of fame and power; for years all those things have been intolerable to him. The things that cause other men pleasure have caused him nothing but pain, because of the agonizing sense of insufficiency they brought with them. The things that seem to slake other men's thirst only increase his to a burning torture, and he has long since learned to refuse them all, as Christ refused the vinegar on the cross. He has long since acquired that wisdom which is best recognized, according to St. Bernard, by the ability to rejoice in suffering because then we truly know we are rejoicing for no selfish motive, but only in the will of God. He has now arrived at that perfection of love which seeks nothing for itself and yet even loves itself perfectly in God, seeing itself as God sees it, loving itself because it holds within itself the perfect reflection of God, cleaned of every stain of

selfishness that makes one different from God.

When the last shred of that self-love which constituted a barrier, a difference between the soul and God, has fallen away, the likeness of the soul to its Creator and Exemplar is now perfectly restored; nothing remains but the confirmation and sealing of this union in the glory of an everlasting vision, an everlastingly perfect mutual giving of the soul to God and of God to the soul.

There has never been written anywhere a better description of such a death than that which St. John of the Cross gives us in his *Living Flame of Love*. "The death of such souls is very sweet and gentle, more so than was their spiritual life all their life long, for they die amid the delectable encounters and sublimest impulses of love. For this reason David said that the death of saints in the fear of God was precious, for at such a time all the riches of the soul come to unite together, and the rivers of love of the soul are about to enter the sea, and

these are so broad that they seem to be seas already."

That is the way the saints, the contemplatives die. Does that mean that such perfection and such a going forth to God is reserved only for those who have lived all their lives in a cloister? Far from it. It may well happen that a Cistercian monk, by failing to make the proper use of the means God has put at his disposal, may be far less perfect than some poor housewife, some laborer in the world. But the secret of that sanctity is the same: the perfection of charity which is most easily and quickly reached by union with God in contemplation. Is this an extraordinary grace that is reserved only for special souls? No! Perfection and the means to perfection are accessible to all, and those who want to travel the road that ends with such an entrance into the glory of heaven have only to set foot on the road by praying to Him who said, "Ask and you shall receive." They have only to begin leading an interior life and the rest of the way will be made plain.



### No Comment

In general, U. S. forces are forbidden to give the remnants of any provisions to Germans, but must truck them outside of town to be thrown away. Not even the Germans doing this work may take any food home, though some American soldiers turn their backs when the trucks are dumped, and pretend not to see what the workers have pocketed.

The rule against giving away food remnants leads to surreptitious "collecting." This can be dangerous, as when not long ago some ammunition exploded in a refuse box, killing one and wounding several of the children who were rummaging the food scraps in it.

Worldover Press Berlin dispatch by Henry Holm (26 Dec. '47).



# How to S-t-r-e-t-c-h Your \$



**T**AKE the case of Bob and Betty, a typical trade-union couple with two children. When he works, Bob averages about \$45 a week in take-home pay. The \$45 goes for rent, heat, light, food, clothing, and doctor bills. Not much is left for a streamlined car or streamlined kitchen. Bob may eventually get a better-paying job, but his experience, training, and education mitigate against his ever earning anything like \$5,000 a year.

Since his income is definitely limited and at the same time, he, his wife, and the children are being high-pressured by the magazines, radio, movies, and newspapers into wanting a cozy cottage, what can he do? Does it help for Betty to nag about his pay? Definitely not; nagging won't make the pay envelope any heavier. It will only increase family tensions and make for a miserable home.

But there is something they—and you—can do. Although it is difficult, and powerful forces are constantly setting up obstacles, you can learn to buy wisely. You can prevent leaks in your spending by checking to see that garments will stand up under cleaning, that they are strongly made and won't

Condensed  
Economic

from the  
Outlook\*

give at the seams; that the food you buy is the "best buy," and that you do not waste any of it.

The one who does the buying for the family has a tremendous responsibility. He or she (86% of the buying is done by women) has the job of getting better results out of the dollars and cents she spends. Almost as important as the job of bringing in the money is the job of spending it intelligently when you are on a limited budget.

The price of food has soared to an all-time high. From June, 1946, to July, 1947, food prices skyrocketed 32.6%. The basic foods cost the average family \$636 last year compared with \$481 in 1946, when price control was still in effect. This is 103.5% more than it cost in 1939. This means that your most basic expenses, the items your family needs for survival, have reached fantastic heights.

According to the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, which checks prices of basic foods in 56 cities, the average cost over the nation for round steak was 80c in July, 1947, compared with 42c in June, 1946. In the last year oleomargarine rose from 24c to 40c; 15

\*CIO Department of Education and Research, 718 Jackson Place, N.W., Washington, 6, D. C. September, 1947.

pounds of potatoes from 75c to 91c; canned tomatoes from 13c to 20c, and milk and bread went up each 2c to 3c.

Although the latest BLS figures are not yet available, a spot check shows that essentially the situation has since become worse. Some fruits and vegetables had their usual seasonal drop. But in most cities, the housewife could not buy more than a dozen eggs, a quart of milk and a pound of butter for \$2.

Food was not the only item in the budget that went out of bounds. In the last year house furnishings went up 17%, fuel went up 7%, and clothing increased 18%.

What this adds up to is that compared to 1939, when the defense program started, the dollar is worth only 62c. As a result people are digging into their savings and cashing their E bonds. More bonds are being redeemed than bought. More families earning \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year are using up their savings than adding to them. Buying on credit and on the installment plan is increasing.

Families are still doubling up in homes, with the younger members postponing marriage and the women going out looking for jobs again. The unemployed are applying for relief payments and more of the old folks are trying to get into institutions. Evictions are increasing.

Congress, forgetful of its past actions to kill price control, increase rents, and scuttle the housing program, launched an investigation of prices. If Congress has any question about the

high cost of living, let it call an average worker to testify. The man who earns \$49.25 a week knows the answer.

The big problem facing consumers is: how to get the largest quantity and best quality at a fair price. For example, you want to buy a can of string beans. Most cans have the same net weight, 1 lb. 4 oz. But the prices vary from 12c to 23c a can. What relation does the price have to the quality? Is the cheapest the poorest; the most expensive the best? Can you be sure that if you pay 15c you are getting a 15c quality?

These problems are not new. Housewives have been aware of them for years and have been organizing better-buying clubs to discuss their plight and seek practical solutions. However, in many communities, as late as 1940, a person was considered a radical if he dared point out that business was interested in profit and that consumers had better watch their pocketbooks. Despite criticisms, the groups multiplied.

Until June, 1942, the OPA was giving housewives and others advice on how to buy wisely. Information was released on grade labeling, informative labeling, and proper selection of garments and foods. However, industry brought such tremendous pressure on OPA that its policy was changed. Information was restricted to matters directly concerning price control, rent control, and rationing.

The grade-labeling program for canned foods which OPA had in the works was killed by Congress. The

program setting standards of quality for such basic commodities as work shirts and bicycles (for war workers) was thrown out as a result of industry pressure exerted through the War Production board.

The pressures, exerted to prevent you from getting the best values for your money, are continuing, perhaps more viciously than before. An excellent, current example is the shift in style of women's clothes. The new change—from short to long skirts, from padded shoulders to narrow “feminine” shoulders, is not being launched for the sake of beauty. The cause is purely economic. Industry is being abetted by every agency of propaganda.

Compare bottles of ordinary wash bleach. Many persons think that because one costs 5c more than another it is a better product and worth the difference. But the contents are the same: according to the labels, each contains 5.25% sodium hypochloride and 94.75% inert ingredients.

You will find that in many items, such as fountain pens, sweaters, towels, sheets and electric irons, you can save money and obtain good quality when you buy lower-priced merchandise. You may buy the cheapest man's shirt and find that it will not wear because it is sleazy and tears easily. A careful shopper examines for quality before making a purchase. He never buys by price alone.

Some persons select a highly advertised, popular brand and believe it is high quality because it is popular.

Brand is not a guide to quality. For example, well-known blanket manufacturers produce many grades of blankets, some of excellent quality, others poorer. Some are all virgin wool; some are part wool, cotton and rayon; some are re-used wool. There is variety even in the all-virgin-wool type. Some have a lower weight to the square yard, do not retain heat as well, and pull or tear more easily than others. Yet both the high and the low-quality blanket are sold under the same brand name.

Under such circumstances you may get a very good buy or a very poor buy when you select Brand X. Therefore it is poor policy to depend on brand alone, for service or quality.

Also, you will frequently find that an unadvertised brand may be as good or better than an advertised brand. If you use a safety razor, you may have found that blades of an unadvertised brand give good results and are cheaper than advertised brands. The same holds true for clothing, many foods, cosmetics, and household items. When you buy a highly advertised brand you pay for the advertising in addition to the product. And advertising runs into big money. In one year, 1945, advertising costs for toothpaste and powders, mouth washes and other mouth preparations amounted to \$23½ million.

This does not mean that every unadvertised brand is high quality or a good buy. It does mean that you may get a better buy when you select an unadvertised brand. It also means that

the advertised brand may not be the best buy.

One of the things which confuses consumers particularly in food or household buying is the large number of brands and the variety of sizes they come in. Kitchen soaps and powders are an excellent illustration. In one day, in Washington, one store alone had on its shelves 14 brands of household cleaners. They sold at six different prices and came in 13 different sizes.

You need a pencil and paper to figure out the best buy on a quantity basis and most shoppers don't like to do arithmetic in the store. Moreover, most women have no idea how the performance of one brand compares with another.

The only way you can get unbiased information on what brands to buy is by joining such organizations as Consumers' Union. Consumers' Union conducts scientific tests on products and makes the information available to its members. As production increases and more products appear on the market, the confusions will become even greater, as they were before the war. In 1939, before shortages developed, a consumer testifying before the Temporary National Economic committee of the 76th Congress stated that in one store she found 21 different containers of tomato juice in 17 different sizes representing 11 different brands. They sold at 15 different prices.

A practical solution to the confusion would be the standardization of size.

The government should establish a limited number of sizes for cans, bottles, boxes, and other containers. All items would then be packed only in standard-size containers. During the war, because of the shortages, an effort was made to limit and standardize sizes. But industry did not adhere to the regulations and they became ineffective.

Some manufacturers deliberately package their products in deceptive containers. You buy what looks like a large package. You open it to find the contents small. Odd-shaped bottles with bulging and pinched-in sides, such as are used for cosmetics, olive oil and relishes, and thick-walled jars commonly used for cold cream and deodorants are typical. Well known, too, is the large cereal box that is slack filled and the small candy bar in large wrappings. Such practices are indulged in by reputable manufacturers of popular brands as well as others.

We must use an eagle eye if we are to avoid the pitfalls set for us. We cannot judge quantity by appearance of the container. We must read the label to check on net weight. One of the first commandments for shoppers is, "Read the Label."

On clothing and blankets look for the label that tells you what it is made of. The law requires manufacturers to tag, label or stamp products containing wool to show the kinds and percentages of the different fibers, and to state the percentage of reprocessed wool, re-used wool, and anything used to fill or "load" the material. Thus you can

tell whether you are paying for an all-wool suit or one that is part rayon or cotton. However, in spite of the law, and to make it more difficult for you, some manufacturers, including some of the well-known ones, have been violating the Wool Products Labeling act.

The Federal Trade commission has jurisdiction over the labeling of wool products. It also attempts to protect you from the false and deceptive advertising of food, drugs, cosmetics and devices (mechanical weight reducers, etc.). The Food and Drug administration is doing a good job, but like the FTC is hampered because Congress refused to give it an adequate appropriation.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture sets standards for meats and canned fruits and vegetables, but packers and canners are not legally compelled to use them. The three grades of canned vegetables, A, B, and C, have about the same food value. The big difference is in appearance. A is fancy, has good color and each piece is the same size. There is greater variation in size, color and consistency of grade C products, but they are edible and should be used to keep the food bill down.

Most packers refuse to grade-label their products because many high-priced nationally advertised brands with reputations of highest quality actually have a grade of B or C. On the other hand, some unadvertised brands that sell for less are grade A or B. Instead of being frank in their la-

bel, packers prefer to can lower-quality merchandise, keep the grade a secret, and spend fabulous sums advertising. The same situation holds true for meats.

What we need is more official standards for more products. For example, sizes of clothing, including shoes, socks, underwear, and dresses should be standardized so they will fit regardless of brand name. Standards of construction and specifications for service and durability should be established, particularly for irons, towels, and the like. Labels should contain helpful information on grades, quality and performance. Advertising should have more information and less ballyhoo. It should tell the complete truth. These objectives, which seem reasonable to consumers, are vigorously opposed by industry. Undoubtedly reforms will not come easily nor quickly.

Although the cards seem to be stacked against you, there are some things you can do to protect your dollar.

Buy foods that are in season; not only will quality be better, but prices will be lower.

When prices are high, use substitutes, fish, macaroni, cheese or baked beans, for high-priced meats. Stretch meats by mixing with rice or spaghetti. If oranges are expensive, use canned tomato juice for vitamin C.

Buy at sales, but remember it is not a bargain if you don't need it or if quality or fit is poor.

Examine seams and hems to be sure enough material has been allowed and stitching is good.



Try on garments for size.

Ask clerk for cleaning instructions. Check on whether garment is color-fast, shrinkproof and waterproof.

Select shoes for fit first, style last.

Make sure that fish and other perishables are fresh.

Watch the scales.

Read the labels to check net weight and ingredients.

Usually food such as dried beans and cheeses are cheaper in bulk than packaged.

Buy by the pint or pound instead of by the box.

Buy eggs, meat, canned fruit, and vegetables by grade when possible. Low-grade foods are wholesome.

Read all available authoritative government booklets on buying.

We waste millions of dollars each year by not taking care of things we have. Here are a few easy rules. Keep perishables in the ice box. Prepare foods according to tested recipes to protect food values. Store canned foods in a cool dry place. Keep dresses, suits, and coats on hangers. Repair damages quickly—a stitch in time saves nine. Use moth repellants when storing woolens. Polish shoes to preserve the leather. Clean garments according to directions. Read authoritative government booklets on care and repair.

Another partial answer to the consumer's problem is the consumer co-operatives. (See the CIO Pamphlet *Unions and Co-ops*, published by the CIO Department of Research and Education.) Because they satisfy a very

real need, the CIO favors cooperatives and urges its members to join those already in existence and to start new ones.

Consumer cooperatives are operated as regular business establishments, grocery stores, gas stations, but they differ from commercial stores in one respect. In a conventional store, the objective is profit; in a cooperative store, service to members.

When you join a cooperative you assume the roles of both retailer and customer. You own a share in the business and have no interest in gyping yourself. No longer will you be subjected to such vicious retail practices as short-weighting, substitutes, inferior merchandise, "rotten apples with the good," having intentional mistakes made on the cash register, or receiving poorly trimmed meat. And at the end of the year, a part of the profits will be divided and returned to the members in proportion to the amount they spent in the store.

Cooperatives have been gaining in appeal and growing in size. Big business feels their competition and opposes them in and out of Congress on the ground they have certain tax exemption, labeling them monopolies, recommending that taxes be levied against them.

The wave of interest in co-ops developed in recent months because of increased food prices must not be allowed to recede. The labor movement must protect itself on the consumer as well as the wage front.



*For nothing or for money*

# How To Advertise the Faith

By RICHARD GINDER

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

**E**ACH week some 4½ million Americans read a 400-word explanation in their newspapers of Catholic belief or practice. The space is donated by editors of 241 secular papers, most of them in smaller towns and cities. This phase of the secular press apostolate started during the "siege" of '28 in Narberth,† a main-line suburb of Philadelphia. A few laymen of St. Margaret's parish there, in curbstome bull sessions between Masses, decided that something should be done about misinformation flooding the country via the *Menace*, the *Fiery Cross*, Tom Heflin, et al.

One of them, Karl Rogers, was an advertising man. He volunteered to write a snappy little essay on some phase of Catholicism each month. The committee was to have it printed and mailed to a list of Narberth's leading molders of opinion, such as clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and school teachers.

Rogers' writings were a new departure. The unwieldy pamphlets of that day, printed in fine type on yellow pulp, were loaded with footnotes and erudite references, marching along and proving with relentless logic that the Catholic Church is the only

Church and therefore, at least by inference, all Protestants must be either fourflushers or, at least, soft in the head. What Protestant reading them could fail to get mad?

Karl was artful. "If I want to sell a bar of soap, I keep my customer happy. I slip him the goods gently," he reasoned. He applied the same technique in "selling" the faith. First, a compelling line, "I have a graven image on my wall," or perhaps, "No hen ever laid a bad egg." Then the hook: action, dialogue, an antithesis, something startling, a wisecrack. Then facts, maybe statistics, maybe a cleverly worked-out parable. "No hen ever laid a bad egg," for instance, illustrates the point that every Catholic starts off fresh at Baptism, and his sins do not reflect on the Church. Just as it is silly to eschew all eggs because of one unpleasant encounter, so is it equally silly to judge all Catholics by the occasional bad Catholic.

The closing punch line was always easy. It never made the Protestant reader feel bitter or stupid. "Such, at least, is Catholic belief," Karl would conclude, leaving the reader free to admire the clear-cut logic of the Catholic stand on the point, without leaving other beliefs out of consideration.

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, June, 1942, p. 29.

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. January, 1948.

Mrs. Rogers tells us that Karl used to sweat gumdrops over those little masterpieces. He had to write one a month, and it was invariably an agony of tramping up and down the floor, scratching for an idea, then, revision after revision.

The idea spread. Karl's home became a sort of center, receiving orders for Narberth leaflets, as they came to be called, and promoting the organization of new units for distribution. In fact, he finally retired to devote his full time to the apostolate. What it cost him we'll never know.

One day a letter from Parkersburg, W. Va., turned up. "We couldn't afford postage on our list, so one of us asked the local editor if he would carry your leaflet on his Saturday church page. Do you mind? It certainly is a short cut for us." He was delighted. By careful tinkering, by trial and error, he built up a technique for procuring free newspaper space, promoting the idea by lecturing, writing articles, attending conventions, until when he died in 1942, he had a syndicate of well over 100 newspapers in full bloom. In accordance with his wishes, the apostolate was moved to offices of the NCCM in Washington, which has spared no effort in carrying on the work. As long as he lived, Rogers fought the idea of buying space. He maintained that such a procedure would jeopardize contributed space. Why should an editor give away space when a brother editor is getting hard cash for it?

But now we come to a Knights of

Columbus project in Missouri. For two or three years, their Religious Information bureau, at 4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo., under Vincentian Father L. J. Fallon, has been procuring insertion of Catholic-information essays as paid ads in various Missouri papers, with Kelly, Zahrndt & Kelly, Inc., a St. Louis advertising agency, as liaison between the Knights and the newspapers.\*

The St. Louis plan differs from Narberth. Narberth holds itself to an inflexible 400 words, making invariably eight column inches. Rogers wanted to make it easy for country editors to lay out format; they could always figure eight inches for the Catholic column. K.Z.&K., buying space, doesn't worry about length, so that they generally run between 16 and 25 inches (800 to 1,250 words).

Narberth, aware that its continuance in "lend-leased" space depends on good will, treads lightly. It does not press a point too closely. It does not end up, "Ergo, you're wrong, flat-head!" Its logic is disguised by whimsy and imagery. Narberth's first objective is to clear the atmosphere and improve the climate, and thus, indirectly, to prosper conversion.

But in bought space you can say what you like, as is being done right now in those full-page "editorials" being paid for by private interests. Thus K.Z.&K., in a paid insertion, states a Catholic thesis and then proves it by Scripture, tradition, and reason

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Sept., 1946, p. 93; also Oct., 1943, p. 5.

(in unbeatable demonstration. "Like it or not, it's the truth." The reader must agree.

When the ads first began appearing in St. Louis, pandemonium reigned. Ministers thumped their pulpits and organized committees to call on local editors. But the Knights sat tight. They called the bluff. The great wind blew itself out, and the program is going ahead with great success.

"I must say," Father Fallon says, "that I was not at first enthusiastic. I had had considerable experience with the Narberth movement, and I felt certain that, although the ads would do a job, they would not provoke the response anticipated. I have been compelled to change this opinion. The tangible results can be appraised by the response, and we have had many ways of discovering intangible results as well.

"We know that the regular appearance of advertisements has meant thousands upon thousands of regular readers. The Ministerial Federation of Metropolitan St. Louis once thought of running a series of Protestant advertisements, and had a survey made by a local agency to determine how widely read the advertisements were, as well as the attitude of the readers. The report was most favorable, but the ministers could not agree on the content of advertisements."

There is a further difference from Narberth inserts. The K.Z.&K. articles have a little pen-and-ink drawing; the last paragraph promises a free pamphlet to all who write in for it; and the

newspaper is supplied with a plate form. Results: "We have received 24,198 letters or cards," Father Fallon reports, "and have distributed 35,000 pamphlets.

"When we receive an inquiry, we do not send merely the pamphlet, but a personally typed letter. We have a card file on all who inquire. Each morning's mail is checked against it so that each person who writes a second time receives a letter noticing this fact and reiterating our desire to give him information. When anyone writes a third time, we propose a course of religious instruction by mail. We have signed up 536 persons as a result of the ads."

Narberth records show six Missouri papers giving free space to the NCCM inserts. Total circulation is 12,398, including the *Unterrified Democrat* of Linn!

In Fort Wayne, Indiana, Council No. 451 sponsored the K.Z.&K. series. Indiana was a stronghold of bigotry, gave heroic support to the KKK. Perhaps it still has a hangover. The Protestants of Fort Wayne were not at a loss as to what to print in counter-ads. Catholic ads would be followed a day or so later by detailed refutation of equal length. Whether or not they could match Catholic arguments did not much concern them. By generalizations and grandiloquent rhetoric ("Freedom of conscience! Roman tyranny! Papal claptrap!") they succeeded in keeping readers perpetually confused. Of special concern was the fact that the Catholic ad was used by many

ministers as the theme of Sunday's sermon.

Any group considering participation in this work should get in touch with Dr. John G. Bowen at NCCM (1312 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, 5, D.C.). He will provide information on how to get space free, together with a clip of articles for the first six weeks. Then, the local group goes after the free space. If they succeed, NCCM provides enough copy to run indefinitely at only \$10 a year.

If you can't get free space, inquire

about advertising rates and see if your organization can support a program of paid insertions. If so, you have your choice of material from NCCM (at only \$10) and dealing with the paper directly, or you can work through Kelly, Zahndt & Kelly, Inc., Cotton Belt Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. The expense will approach a weekly \$30.

It is advisable to consult the diocesan Chancery before going ahead, especially if you use the K.Z.&K. ads, in which case you enter a knock-down and drag-out battle.



### *Soviet and U. S. Prices*

THIS is a comparison between the number of minutes of labor required of Soviet and U. S. wage earners for the purchase of identical commodities.

In the following table, the new price schedule announced in Moscow Dec. 15 has been converted to measures familiar in the U. S. The equivalent of each item in average hours of factory labor has been computed on the basis of 60 minutes being the equal of 2 rubles, 14 kopecks, in the new Russian currency. The equivalent was derived by taking the Bureau of Labor Statistics estimate published in July, 1947, of 500 rubles as the average monthly wage of Soviet wage earners. Forty-eight hours, as set in the Soviet constitutional amendment, was taken as the work week. The food prices are for Zone 1, USSR. The American food prices used for comparison are those prevailing in A&P Stores; the American clothing prices are those for top grade in the current Sears-Roebuck catalogue. The equivalent of the American items in average hours of factory labor was computed on the basis of 60 minutes being the equal of \$1.238, the Bureau of Labor Statistics estimate of current average hourly earnings in all industries.

	<i>U.S.S.R., Minutes</i>	<i>U. S., Minutes</i>
Rye bread, lb.....	31	7
Wheat bread, lb.....	70	7½
Veal, lb.....	315	34½
Butter, lb.....	642	48½
Beer, bottle.....	171	6¼
Cotton dress.....	1,911	142
Woolen suit (man's).....	34,815	1,684

Will Lissner in the *New York Times* (21 Dec. '47).



Under Catholic auspices

# Luxembourg: Mirror of Paradise

By LOREN CARROLL

Condensed from *Newsweek*\*

The smaller the nation the happier and more prosperous it often seems to be in these days of big-power conflicts. The rule certainly applies to Luxembourg, one of the smallest, happiest, and most prosperous countries in Europe.

LUXEMBOURG is, perhaps, the only capital in the world where you can sit at your hotel window and watch a full-grown train, locomotive, passenger cars, freight cars, caboose, and all, snort down the main street's trolley tracks. Once the excitement is over—the only excitement a stranger can find in the whole country—normal trolley service is resumed. The trolley cars are representative of the country: small, trim, and orderly. Luxembourgers don't push and shove. There's room for everybody, so much room, in fact, that one side of the trolley cars is equipped with folding tables at which a *voyageur* may eat a snack or write letters.

Luxembourg is a little paradise snuggled down in the folds of a heaving, agitated continent. The grand duchy's 999 square miles (smaller than Rhode Island) have long been known for productive soil and rich iron mines. It is a beautiful, well-kept land throughout its whole extent, from the gently rolling hills in the South to the central region of majestic, wood-

ed heights which the natives like to call Little Switzerland. The health level of its 301,000 population is high, the crime level low. Social-security laws have abolished poverty, at least in the hideous sense visible in most other European countries. There are no beggars. Since 1847 there have been no illiterates. Until the last war the budget was balanced every year. Even during the depression there were no unemployed; there are none today.

For Luxembourg, communism presents hardly any problem at all. A steel-worker commented, "In *our* country we took the wind out of their sails by fair living standards and social security long before they were heard of." In the first postwar elections, Oct. 21, 1945, the communists won only five seats while the Christian Social party won 25, the Socialists 11, the Democratic Group 9, and the Independents 1. A coalition cabinet, including one communist, didn't last long.

In a shake-up, the Christian Social leaders, who include Premier Pierre Dupong, and the foreign minister, Joseph Bech, formed a new cabinet, excluding both communists and Socialists. In the new alignment the majority casts 37 votes in the Chamber of Deputies and the opposition 14.

\**Newsweek* Bldg., Broadway and 42nd St., New York City, 18. Dec. '22, 1947.

In the most favorable sense of the word, the Luxembourgers possess a synthetic character. They have certain basic Germanic qualities, order, organization, diligence, and an engaging *Gemütlichkeit*. At the same time they have spurned the hysteria, the irrational sentimentality of their German neighbors. Spiritually they are more oriented toward France, absorbing with ease the great French virtues of tolerance, respect for the individual, and a mature view of life, including respect for wines and good cooking. But here again they have drawn the line: the general nervosity of the French, their capacity for creating disorder and confusion, is not to be found in Luxembourg.

The war hit Luxembourg hard. Immediately after the entry of the Germans, May 10, 1940, the capital's main street was changed from the Avenue de la Liberté to Adolf Hitlerstrasse. The *Gauleiter* Gustav Simon, observing that Luxembourgers spoke not only their own Germanic dialect but French as well, promised them, "No more will the air of Luxembourg be polluted by that monkey language—French."

On Aug. 30, 1942, the Germans proclaimed annexation of the little grand duchy to the Reich. The Luxembourgers stiffened and began offering tough resistance. The allegiance of the whole country went to the exiled sovereign, Grand Duchess Charlotte, presiding over the exiled government in Montreal.

The qualities that made Charlotte a

successful peacetime ruler didn't abandon her during wartime. She kept her head at all times, showing patience, tact, and dignity. The English and Americans who had direct dealings with top men in the exiled governments sometimes found them trying and unreasonable; no such complaints were ever leveled against Charlotte or her cabinet. The same discretion was observed by the prince consort, Prince Felix, and the heir apparent, Prince Jean, who enlisted as a private in the Irish Guards and landed in France with the invasion.

The core of Luxembourg's wealth is the great steel industry, which turned out 2,500,000 tons in 1937 and 1,800,000 tons in 1939. At present, production is 60% of the 1939 level. More could be produced except for the same lack that plagues the rest of Europe, coal. Luxembourg also prospers on its rich agricultural lands.

To the tourist Luxembourg is a high-currency country, and the shops are gorged with merchandise. The black market, the curse of most European countries, is practically nonexistent. Sample prices: a cheap shirt, \$7; cotton handkerchief, 50¢; a Parker "51" pen, \$21; pack of bubble gum, 7¢; big box of cleansing tissue, 95¢; bottle of Flit, 60¢; bottle of Schenley's whisky, \$6; tiny table radio, \$60; woman's raincoat, \$11.20; man's medium-quality overcoat, \$57; small tin of Heinz tomato soup, 20¢; medium tin of American apricots, 60¢.

One day I talked to an old woman with a peasant's healthy nut-brown

face as she sat on a slope taking the sun. "It's a dear little country, is it not? Just look around you." Her aged hands indicated grape-covered slopes protected from north winds by pine forests, tawny fields which had just yielded good crops of oats, and herds of fat cattle. Suddenly church bells began to ring in unison, the harmony coming perhaps from a dozen little valleys. The rising, whirling sounds, symbol of an ancient civilization and an innate conservatism, seemed to mingle\* with yet another symbol, smokestacks blowing black spirals into the sky. Piety and prosperity

go side by side in the little country.\*

The old woman lowered her head and said the *Angelus* in a firm voice: "The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary." When it was finished she said, "And look down there." Far below, the little Sure river, sherry-colored in the sunlight, meandered northward. "Down there" meant Germany, across the stream. There were stark villages with many houses in ruins, a few cows grazing, no sign of human beings. "We're worlds apart," said the old woman.

\*Of the Luxembourg population of 301,000, Catholics number 295,000.



### *Russian Question*

**R**IGHT from the start it was decided that U. S. troops would not live off the land in Germany, even though an occupation force is entitled to do so. All food for the troops and civilians is brought from the U. S., instead of being requisitioned or purchased from the domestic economy. Some food, notably butter and milk, is bought in Denmark. Army truck gardens grow fresh vegetables. No German goes hungry today because of food requisitioned for the occupation.

This procedure mystifies some other occupying powers. For instance, one MG officer was asked by a puzzled Russian whether it was true that the Americans shipped all their food from the home country. Upon being assured it was, he could only exclaim, "But why?"

Robert A. Graham in *America* (29 Nov. '47).



### *Russian Answer*

**T**HERESA BELTKOWSKI is 15, one of four Polish refugees who have finally found a home in Cleveland.

"The Russians tried to teach us that there is no God," Theresa reports. "The teacher said that people came from monkeys and the monkey came from an egg. I asked where the egg came from, and the teacher told me to be quiet. He said we hadn't studied that far yet." NCWC in the *New Freeman* (6 Dec. '47).

# Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame

By  
JOHN W. LYNCH



Condensed from the  
*Catholic Sun*\*

It is my considered judgment that the success of the Notre Dame football team is not intimately connected with the progress of faith and morals in the Church in America. The annual fall campaign is not, actually, a crusade, nor is the end zone a holy land to be rescued from the heathen. Those duller, incompetent sports writers, who for a few days last season put Notre Dame in ignominious second place in the national rankings, were not, really, guilty of heresy. The general virtue does not depend on the victories. Home and family life and the welfare and protection of little children do not wait upon the Saturday scores. Probably Sitko is not a saint, nor Lujack a Don Juan worthy of a Lepanto, nor Terry Brennan a martyr. The national football championship is, dogmatically, not the same thing as the primacy of Peter, and, should the boys ever lose a game, most of the Catholic parishes quite likely, at least the stronger and more populous parishes, would survive.

However, beyond such concessions we are not prepared to go. What effect a bad season at Notre Dame would have on the health and temper of the country, on the course of legislation,

on the peace and placidity of convents, on every 8th grade in the land, and, finally, on the Saturday-night supper in rectories, we shudder to contemplate. It would, perhaps, be not dissimilar to a depression or a famine or snow in July. Everyone, certainly, would complain of a queasy feeling in the region of the heart. Recovery would be very slow. And therefore it was with sentiments of mixed triumph and confidence that we noted the conclusion of another happy season and the complete supremacy of the gentlemen at South Bend. Mark you, we did not wait to the end of the Southern California game with bated breath; at no point in the campaign were we worried. The boys did what we knew they would do, and we look at the accomplished fact with utter satisfaction. Few will forget the last half and the last quarter of the last game for 1947. Radios all over America were gay with the fabulous story, with the ease of genius, the careless competency of experts that scored at every yardage, 92 yards, 76 yards. And then, for good measure, with the laughing grace of a Cyrano, a substitute tackle, a tackle, mind you, skipped over with the final touchdown. In the East the game came

\*211 E. Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y. Dec. 11, 1947.

over the air during the first hours of evening and it was as though the long day was o'er and a peace after long labor had fallen in exquisite refreshment. The *Victory March* sounded. There was a deep sigh of contentment; "Cheer, cheer, for old Notre Dame."

But now, ladies and gentlemen, quite seriously and apart from any consideration of football as a sport, I want to suggest that Notre Dame and the Notre Dame football team, year after year, do constitute a powerful instrument for good over the kids of America. Notre Dame is a swift and magic method of reaching the soul of a boy. The Midwest school and its tradition in football is a kind of sacramental, and I speak seriously. The kids in my parish look up to me because Notre Dame is a priest's team and because I have seen the team play and may, therefore, offer an opinion with authority. All altar boys grin when they report on Sunday morning, "Notre Dame won." They are proud, and they know very well that the football team is Catholic and goes to Mass and confession and Holy Communion, and wears our Lady's medals. For want of a better phrase and to fall back on an expression dull with pious preaching, let me say that Notre Dame gives a good example, but a great deal more than that. There is zest, adventure, fascination, honor, masculinity in the sound of *Notre Dame* that is very good for American children. Maybe all this is hero worship, but if it is, the heroes have got themselves fused into a team and identified with

a Catholic school and an unmistakable name, and all priests, and all fathers and mothers, and all persons interested in kids, are very glad to use Notre Dame as a spiritual force.

The newspapers carried a little color story about Notre Dame on that California trip. The team stopped in at a church in Los Angeles to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The pastor discovered them and, naturally, invited them to come into the parish school. The newspapers described what followed as "a near riot," but that's merely the journalists' way of saying it. You know what happened. Everybody knows. It was like a visit from 11 Santa Clauses if Santa Claus wore a football helmet, could run like the very Livingston, and said his prayers every night. That's what it was like. When things quieted down a little the pastor called off school for the rest of the day, and well he might; there had been enough education for one day and I do mean education.

But the point is that the Los Angeles incident is not confined to California. In one way or another, the identical influence is felt all over the U. S. This is a great, good thing and let us not be slow to recognize what Notre Dame has contributed to the youth movement in America.

Father Kavanaugh, president of the university, speaking over the radio between the halves of the Army game, said that, under all the rules and recognizing the worth of every opponent, Notre Dame played every game to win. He said that the team wanted to



win and saw no reason for not wanting to win. He said that Notre Dame wants to win "in the classroom, in the laboratory, in the library, in the chapel, and on the field." He was heard by hundreds of thousands of boys. "In the classroom . . . and in the chapel . . .," he said, and Mr. Husing replied, "Thank you, Father."

That says it. That's the more than good example that I have been trying to explain. That's the kind of influence Notre Dame has over boys, and Mr. Husing was echoed in many homes when he said, "Thank you, Father."

The school is a great, respected university. Scholars, novelists, scientists, poets, jurists both teach and learn there. It is a man's school. It lives a man's religion. Its football is smart, aggressive, clean, and the boys play the best opposition in the country when they can get hold of the best

opposition, and they play unscheduled games all over the campus at all seasons. There is the unmistakable aura of genuine undergraduate amateur athletics about it. You can't miss it. I suppose every kid catching a pass on a high-school team anywhere this year dreamed he was catching one from Lujack. It's been that way for scholastic generations, I suppose, since a man named Rockne became a legend to squad rooms. Well, you put all that into a shirt of Irish green (with no preference for any nationality), and you have something that adds up. If Notre Dame will forgive another article that makes no mention of marks, classes or scholarship, and if people who are loyal to other schools and other teams will pardon my enthusiasm, may I say again, for the youth of America, "Cheer, cheer, for old Notre Dame."



### *Conscience Store*

A sign on a Byington, Ky., grocery store says, "Everything is marked at cost price. Add whatever profit you wish." Carl Cruse, the proprietor, is banking that human nature, being what it is, won't be too hard on him.

To keep his customers from embarrassment, he has them pay the cost bill at the cash register, then on the opposite side of the store is a slot for the customer to put whatever profit he may wish to give the grocer.

The "Conscience Plan" is taking very well with the customers. His volume of business has doubled. And his customers have allowed him more than 20% profit.

*Perpetual Help* (Nov. '47).

# The Mystery Plays

By A. C. BAILEY

Condensed from *Assisi*\*

**I**N THE accounts of ancient trade or town guilds one often comes across puzzling items like these: Paid to the devil and to Judas, 17 pence; To Peter and to Malchus, 15 pence; To Anne, one shilling; To Pilate is sonne (her son), three pence. It is still more startling when one discovers that God only got sixpence, but Noah received eight pence and his wife a trifle less!

The curious accounts are payments made to actors in mystery plays beloved in medieval times. The plays were always religious, even though in later years a considerable amount of crude humor and buffoonery was introduced to tickle the tastes of the audience, the name itself, *mystery*, being derived from the French word, *ministere*, the clergy.

The earliest performances were in church. In the church of St. Nicholas, for instance, at the play performed on the patron's festival, the image was taken from its shrine, and a priest, dressed to represent the statue, would stand in the niche. At a suitable moment during Mass, a pause was made and the play would begin. Another priest, dressed as a rich heathen, then entered the church, and, approaching

the shrine, deposited a load of treasure, invoking the saint to guard it until his return from a journey. No sooner had he gone than robbers entered and made off with the treasure. When the first man returned and found his property stolen, he would fly into a rage, scold, and beat the image of the saint for its neglect of duty. But to his astonishment, the image descended from its niche, went out, and compelled the thieves to return and restore the treasure. The image was then replaced in its niche, while the heathen flung himself on his knees in thanksgiving, confessing his conversion to the true faith.

The great festivals, especially Easter and Christmas, also gave opportunities for plays illustrating to the unlettered the meaning of the festivals. At Easter, a grave would be prepared. Three priests, representing the three Marys, would slowly approach it. An angel seated by the grave asked them whom they sought. The women would reply, "Jesus of Nazareth, the Crucified." Then followed the dialogue of the Gospel, till finally a priest, impersonating our Lord, would appear and announce His Resurrection, whereupon

\*4 Merchants Quay, Dublin, Ireland. December, 1947.

the choir would burst into a joyous Alleluia, all ending with a singing of the *Te Deum*.

The Nativity of our Saviour was depicted in similar fashion. A number of priests, dressed as shepherds, carrying crooks and accompanied by real sheep and dogs, would group themselves in the church. Some of the actors assumed the attitude of sleepers, others appeared to be watching their flocks, till the great moment came when a sweet-voiced choirboy dressed as an angel mounted the pulpit and, after a blast of trumpets, announced the glad news of the birth of Jesus. Other choirboys, posted in the galleries and representing the multitude of the heavenly host, would then break out into the joyous anthem, "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth, peace to men of good will." The shepherds would then approach the altar, on which had been placed an image of our Lady and a cradle. There they worshiped the Child and His Mother, lastly marching through the church singing a song of praise.

As far as possible the clergy would perform the plays themselves, but it is probable that in small churches laymen needed to be called in to take some of the parts. It may have been through this apprenticeship that the laity, in the 13th century, started to perform their own plays, wandering minstrels giving, in the market places, performances very different from the reverent ones in the church. Although their plays were based on religious themes, a considerable amount of buf-

foony came to be introduced in the course of time.

The clergy, observing with chagrin the people flocking to those plays in preference to the more instructive, if duller, performances in the church, retaliated by denouncing the secular actors. At the same time, spurred by competition, they enlarged the scope of their own plays into complete performances of Biblical history. The results were successful enough, the churches being packed; so much so, that the performance often had to be held in the church porch or the graveyard. From the churchyard to street or square was but a step, but a fatal step for the clergy; members of the town or trade guilds insisted on assuming control of the plays, and pushed aside the religious element in favor of the comic, till things came to such a pass that a papal edict, in 1210, forbade the clergy to act in churches or at mimings that presumably included the open-air representations.

A compromise was made by paying lay actors to perform in churches; in the accounts of St. Mary's, Leicester (1491), we find the following item, "Paid to the players on New Year's Day at Even in the church, sixpence." This was so low a wage, that it looks as if the actors must have struck for higher wages, for in 1499, 2 shillings were paid, while at Bewdley, six shillings, eight pence was given to the "Queen's players" for performing in the church; perhaps they were a superior class of actors.

Many cities of England became

famed for the grandeur of their miracle plays; great towns, such as Coventry, Chester, Wakefield and York, competed with one another, and we are fortunate in still possessing fairly complete manuscripts of their plays. The *Harrowing of Hell*, *Doomesday*, or *Hell Mouth*, were the prime favorites, but the story of Cain and Abel, or of the Flood, in which occurred a diverting nagging match between Noah and his wife, she at first refusing to enter the Ark till her husband pushed her in, were also popular.

Obviously, such plays were regarded more as spectacles of amusement than of religious instruction, yet they did not fail to bring home the Gospel

truth to unlettered souls. A Lancashire clergyman, incumbent of Carmel, writes how, one day, in 1644, meeting a parishioner of about 60, and anxious to test the man, inquired of him how many Gods there were. The man, appearing slightly vague on this matter, was asked another question, "How did he hope to be saved?" Meeting apparent ignorance, the reverend gentleman described the salvation of mankind through the blood of Jesus Christ. Then the old fellow woke up. "Oh, sir," he broke out, "I think I heard of that Man you speak of once in a play at Kendal, called *Corpus Christi* play, where there was a Man on a tree, and blood ran down."



### *I Shall Never Forget It*

WAY back in 1937, I was with a party of laymen and a priest from our North-Country parish in England, returning by car from a Catholic Young Men's Society rally in a town some 50 miles away. Half an hour after passing through Manchester the driver suddenly announced that he was on the wrong road. He knew the way so well, this seemed almost incredible, but there was nothing for it but to return to Manchester and start again.

Fifteen miles or so out on the fresh road the driver again had to confess to a wrong turning and we returned to Manchester once more.

Night was well advanced as we started on our third attempt, and with very little other traffic on the road we were able to make up some of the lost time. Soon our headlights picked up a parked car by the roadside, and then a smashed motorbike and a prone figure came into view on the grass. There had been a head-on collision and we pulled up to see if we could help.

We thought then that we understood why our driver had lost his way on a road he knew so well. The injured man was a Catholic, and because we had lost our way he was able to make his peace with God before he died.

There probably wasn't another Catholic priest within 20 miles of that deserted stretch of country road at that time of night.

C. E. R. Saunden.

Readers are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we can't return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

*Isotopally speaking*



# Atomic Energy and the Farmer

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

*Chairman, U. S. Atomic Energy Commission*

Condensed from an address\*

ATOMIC science, or more exactly, nuclear science, the science of the nucleus or heart of the atom, is not confined to weapons. It opens a new world of knowledge which deals with the forces contained within every particle on the earth, in the sea, and in the very air we breathe. Atomic forces are within our bodies, within every living thing, within every object we touch or eat or wear. Atomic forces are as fundamental as electricity, gravity and magnetism.

The first large-scale demonstration of such energy was the detonation of a bomb which in a single blast destroyed an entire Japanese city. The dramatic way in which word of the release of atomic energy first reached us, with this news of the first atom bomb, naturally created the impression that this was only a military weapon. Quite overshadowed was its importance as the opening of a door to a whole new world, the land of the nucleus. If the myth that atomic energy is simply a military weapon becomes fixed in people's minds, very unhappy consequences will follow. We will drift into belief that we Americans

are safe and secure, simply because we have a devastating weapon.

Atomic energy is a military force of vast power. Its further development is, by express provision of law, a paramount obligation of the U. S. Atomic Energy commission. In the laboratories and plants of the commission this is a high duty that we seek to discharge with vigor and determination. One evidence of the importance we give to weapons is supplied by the commission's recent announcement that we have under construction proving grounds in the Marshall Islands of the Pacific for "routine experiments and tests of atomic weapons." The design, development and production of atomic weapons at the commission's Los Alamos laboratory atop a mesa in the mountains of New Mexico, constitute a scientific and engineering undertaking calling for the highest order of skills. No effort is being spared to keep this part of our responsibility on a high level of superior competence and vigilance. In this we have the cooperation of universities, industries, and the national military establishment.

\*Before the annual meeting of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Chicago, Ill.  
Dec. 16, 1947.



Since Nov. 15, 1945, this country has been striving to place the destructive aspects of atomic energy under effective international controls. For we are and always have been a peace-loving nation. But until such controls are effective throughout the world we must act on a realization that here are weapons that have shaken previous military and international concepts as has no event in centuries, if ever. This fact is just as important to people in Iowa, Alabama or upstate New York as it is to those at the council tables of Washington, London, Paris or Moscow.

But there are also peaceful fruits of the discovery, and the farmer has a very special stake in the wise, vigorous development of the science of the nucleus of the atom for peaceful purposes. All of us depend on the farmer for our human energy. We depend upon him for the energies that produce great poems, build churches and homes, from which spring such noble ideas as our Constitution and Bill of Rights. That energy has been stored up in the plants of the field, and in the tissues of animals; thence it comes to men.

Where does that energy come from; where do the plants get it? As we all know it comes from the sun, a fact familiar to every school child. But what is not well known is that the sun is an atomic energy factory. In the sun, forces within the atom's nucleus are released, transmitted to earth, caught, and stored up in plants.

Consider a small lump of coal. If

you were to burn it, the energy released in the form of heat would be negligible (originally that energy came from the sun, was stored in plants, and the plants became coal). A black cylinder of uranium of similar size is made up of three million billion billion atoms of uranium, each of which has a nucleus. If the energy within the atoms of this cylinder were released not by burning, but by the splitting of the nucleus, by what is called "fission," the energy from the heat created would be equivalent to that produced by the burning of 2,500 tons of coal. Atom for atom, the energy released by the burning of this amount of coal compared with that released by the splitting of the fissionable atoms in the cylinder of uranium bears the ratio of *one* for coal to *60 million* for atom splitting.

The forces within the nucleus are so fundamental that it is of the utmost importance that they should be understood, in their essentials, by all of us. Here are two facts of the greatest importance to every living being the world over. 1. Mankind has probably learned more in the last 30 years about atomic forces than in all the preceding centuries. 2. Within the next few years, a decade perhaps, if the people of this country make it plain that they are determined that this nation shall lead the world in pressing forward in this field, we should be in a position to unlock new knowledge about life, matter and growth, and disease and suffering.

Atomic forces can increase knowl-

edge in fields close to the farmer and his high function of transmitting the blessings of the sun to man. It involves what is known as radioactivity, and a device known as a nuclear reactor, pile, or atomic furnace.

Down in the Tennessee valley, at Oak Ridge, the Atomic Energy commission, as trustee for the American people, owns a huge establishment. Included in the facilities is an atomic furnace, one of the first in the world. It looks like a windowless warehouse of solid concrete, with many small black holes in one face. Inside the concrete walls, which are several feet thick, there are blocks of graphite, like the "lead" in a pencil, piled up in a particular way. Interlaced with the graphite blocks are pieces of uranium, quite a good deal of it. When this atomic furnace is set off, substantially what happens is that infinitesimally small particles called neutrons bombard the nucleus of an atom of the uranium in the pile. The neutron bullet splits that nucleus. The split nucleus thereupon releases other neutron bullets, which repeat the process, hitting still other nuclei, and this spreads with more and more neutrons hitting more and more nuclei. This is called a chain reaction, one reaction creating others. Tremendous heat or energy results, and also an intense body of different kinds of rays, that is, radiation. The radiation within the atomic furnace is the equivalent of tons of radium within those walls. (There are only about 25 ounces of usable radium in the whole country.)

Within the nuclear furnace at Oak Ridge all kinds of interesting things happen to materials that are inserted into the pile through the holes in the concrete shield. A capsule, for example, can be filled with a bit of phosphorus, or lime, or potash such as is used to fertilize land. The filled capsules are thrust into the pile, in the middle of the violent radiation of the chain reaction. When that phosphorus (or it could be calcium or potassium or carbon) comes out of the bombardment of rays, the phosphorus is itself radioactive, that is, it emits powerful rays. They are invisible but they are potent, and will readily pass through solid matter. For transport, a bit of phosphorus, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an ounce, that has been made radioactive, must be put into a container, weighing 200 pounds, made largely of lead, which can keep the radiations from coming through and causing injury.\*

Phosphorus or other substances that have been through this process are called "radioactive isotopes," or simply radio-phosphorus or radio-carbon or radio-calcium and so forth. A radioactive isotope of phosphorus, say, is a species of phosphorus like any other phosphorus in a chemical sense, but this bombardment has given it a different character in an atomic sense. The term "radioactive isotope" should be added to the national vocabulary.

The atomic pile at Oak Ridge can make radioactive substances in substantial quantities at low cost. And they have become of the greatest value

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan., 1948, p. 46.

in adding to knowledge about fundamental processes that go on before your eyes every day on the farm. You know that phosphorus in the soil, say, or calcium, or nitrogen is taken up by plants. No one knows completely what happens to that phosphorus or lime within the plant. But feeding a plant this radio-phosphorus helps the researcher tremendously in discovering what goes on within the plant. For as the radio-phosphorus makes its way through the plant it sends out its rays, in effect, radio messages. The research worker, in following the course of the isotopes, uses a device sensitive to the radiations, a radio receiver for such rays. Such a receiving set is called a Geiger counter; and this is another phrase you might well add to your working vocabulary, for you will hear about Geiger counters and see them many times in the future.

By special techniques, the plant scientist can by means of the tagged atoms trace the course of the elements in soil solutions through plant tissues, and thus chart the changes that occur in matter in the process of plant life and growth. He can gain new knowledge of how plants convert the sun's energy into life energy on this planet. Who can say where this will lead in results beneficial to mankind?

The same process of tagged or "radio-broadcasting" atoms works in animals and man. Radio-iodine, from Oak Ridge, has often been administered by trained physicians to patients with enlarged thyroid, or goiter. Such iodine can be clocked by a Geiger

counter. The counter tells the doctor that the iodine makes its way almost at once to the goiter. It happens that such radiations have been successful in certain cases in actually controlling goiter without surgery. But that is another story—the use of radioactive isotopes for human therapy.

Oak Ridge, and Hanford in Washington State, the Argonne laboratory near Chicago, Brookhaven laboratory near New York City, and other of the commission's installations are uncovering new knowledge for mankind, as are independent laboratories using radioactive materials supplied by the commission.

Let no one try to tell the American farmer that the unfolding of new fundamental knowledge is of no importance to him. No one can tell him that Father Gregor Mendel, methodically charting down the generations of sweet peas in his monastery garden 75 years ago, was merely puttering. Farmers know that what he learned made possible, for example, the hybrid corn which has been an untold blessing to man in these postwar years of world food shortage.

Here then, is one of the glorious promises of atomic science. It well may help to solve one of the most vexing problems of humanity, how to keep food production in pace with the growth of the world's population. Today, according to the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, there are some 200 million more people on this planet than in 1938. Increase is continuing at the rate

of 1%, more than 20 million a year.

This is one of the basic difficulties of the world in our time. To maintain around the globe diets adequate for health and working energy requires more food production each year. More food production can come only from adding to the area under cultivation and grazing or from increasing the output per acre or from a combination of the two. The frontiers of farm science and land development must be pushed forward faster than ever before.

For greater production per unit of plow or pasture land we look to the plant scientists, and they are moving rapidly, aided by the use of radio-

isotopes, and by other means, to unlock new knowledge of plant growth which may magnify each year's production from the land and the toil of farmers.

Trained as no other group of men in the discipline of understanding and working with and through natural forces, endowed by the very nature of their calling with both persistence and patience, American farmers are uniquely qualified to play a leading part in realizing the beneficial possibilities of this new force. Atomic energy is not something of interest only to scientists and military men. Atomic energy is an important part of the business of being a farmer.



## *Get Ready for Lent*

### *Bad Example*

**IN THE** Middle Ages barnacle geese were eaten on days of abstinence because it was thought that trees gave birth to them. St. Albert the Great was the first biologist to reject the myth.

New Review (Aug. '47).



### *Worse Example*

**IT IS** to St. Dunstan that we owe the word *noon*, which was *nones*, or the ninth hour, and three o'clock, until the hungry monks of Glastonbury kept pushing *nones* earlier so that they would get their dinner sooner.

Christopher Hollis in the *London Tablet* (18 Nov. '47).



### *Good Example*

**DURING** Ramadan, the Mohammedan Lent, hypos are the only form of medication a devout Moslem will take. All those who fast refuse to take any medicine whatever through the lips. Fanatics refuse even a thermometer.

Emery J. Blanchard in *Catholic Northwest Progress* (12 Sept. '47).

# Dramatic School of Drama

By JEANNE DIXON

**I**N A CAMPUS theater that holds just 350 people, and with an initial production budget of only \$3,700, the Drama School of Catholic U. in Washington, D. C., has made a brilliant record in amateur theatricals. When the school opened a Play-writing Festival continuing from June, 1947, to May, 1948, and announced that it would produce seven original plays by students during that period, local critics thought it a bit bumpitious even for their pet amateurs. "I smiled skeptically when I heard it," the *Evening Star's* respected Jay Carmody said. "After all, if Broadway can't wring seven good plays a year out of 20,000 efforts, how could 180 students produce seven usable plays in one season? My smile has turned to an amazed gape." The school nearly achieved its aim halfway to the deadline. John McGiver's *All Gaul is Divided* has been bought and produced in Chicago and Detroit. The other three plays, *Rebel's Empire*, by Victoria Kuhn, *Kingdom of the Blind* by Frank Ford, and *Jenny Kissed Me* by Jean Kerr, are being considered by Hollywood and Broadway.

The purpose of the Festival is to introduce audiences to new, promising talent and introduce playwrights to potential audiences. The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences

serves as channeling agency to send guest stars for appearance in plays. The American National Theater and the Academy sends professional playwrights and critics to Washington to see productions and discuss them with writers and audiences.

Almost since its inception 10 years ago the C. U. Theater has attracted many of Broadway's bigwigs. Sara Allgood, Dorothy McGuire, Julie Haydon, Florence Reed, and Robert Speight have acted for it. It has had offers to broadcast over every big network, and in July, 1947, the group acted the first NBC national-network television show to originate in Washington.

The play that gained greatest publicity and established the school's reputation was the musical biography of George M. Cohan, *Yankee Doodle Boy*. Walter Kerr, head of the play-writing department, was struck with the possibilities while thumbing through Cohan's old songs. Its first performance was covered by a curious press, and their enthusiastic praise was echoed by Cohan himself, who, on the basis of it, decided to sell his life story to the movies for \$100,000.

Kerr then wrote *Stardust*. Next, his *Sing Out Sweet Land*, produced by the Theater Guild, became a nationwide hit. The dramatization of *Song*



of *Bernadette*, done by Kerr and his wife Jean Collins Kerr, a former pupil, was played on the road by Victor Payne Jennings. The group's exquisite interpretation of *Lute Song* was inspiration for the record road success of the ancient Chinese play. And Catholic U.'s version of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* is the second most-performed play by amateur groups in the country today.

The rich record is a tribute not only to talented students who work with the zeal of professionals, but to the originality, determination and gambling instinct of the personalities who guide it. Heading the department is Father Gilbert Hartke, former athlete, and veteran of silent movies. The first classes were taught in the fall of 1937 by Father Hartke and Dr. Josephine Callan in a basement office to an enrollment of 25 students. Dr. Callan, former teacher of speech and drama at Northwestern U., lent much to the productions. "Our insistence," she says, "is upon students' work being original, not copying professional theater." Budget or no budget, they have gone right on gambling on experimental plays such as *Murder in the Cathedral*. Robert Speight came to play with Orson Wells in *Five Kings*, saw *Murder*, and stayed to do four performances. "We had to give a fifth to pay him for the other ones," Dr. Callan chuckled.

A first concern has been over absorption of work and long hours of rehearsal, lest they distract students from scholastic pursuits. Students have an

academic schedule along with work in the theater. Nevertheless, when the then unknown 27-year-old dramatic coach, Walter Kerr, arrived from Northwestern he persuaded Father Hartke to go into a full production season. In charge of designing and staging was Ralph Brown, former drama coach at Arizona U. Refusing to be handicapped by smallness of the theater, he invented a method, based on the movie transparency shot, of projecting pictures as settings and backgrounds.

"The chief aim of the school is to develop playwrights and producers, more than actors," says Father Hartke. "Although we give them, we believe, the best training for theater obtainable, we do not encourage them to follow that career, mainly because theater provides so few opportunities."

The faculty attributes success to the deep inspiration of Catholic philosophy. Father Hartke explains, "Belief in the dignity and purpose of man, who came from God and is returning to him, has elevated the kind of work we do and has begun a trend from such thinking and writing as has made man nothing more than a determined material machine. The theater is in the doldrums. Hollywood and the stage are losing millions because they have been processing entertainment. A kind of a crusading spirit, with the high purpose of rescuing the drama from the meaningless mediocrity into which it has fallen, inspires teachers and students alike."

Capacity crowds filled the little thea-

ter and hundreds were turned away during the guild's recent production of Jean Kerr's *Jenny Kissed Me*. But backstage was no professional stagginess nor temperament. Until they went on for the serious business of the night's performance, the actors were just a bunch of college kids doing something they enjoyed.

Of 180 students, 120 are undergraduates and 60 are graduates, about 60% men. The romantic atmosphere has produced 28 marriages among the students, all of whom have remained interested in if not actively engaged in the group's work. "The trouble is," smiled Dr. Callan, "when their term is over they never want to leave. Many continue their studies or seek work here just to be near the school."

In January, the fourth of the Festival series of plays was presented in the secondhand army theater installed by Father Hartke across the street from the school. Asked about plans for a new theater, Father Hartke replied, "In time, we hope. But we have a definite policy of not letting the commercial incentive creep in, and we intend to keep our original admission price of \$1. It may take a little longer but we think it's worth it."

Regardless of unconcern about financial reward, no member of the group is indifferent to such praise as that of Nelson Bell, *Washington Post* critic, who writes, "No other institution of higher learning in the U. S. has achieved such practical results in the professional theater."



### *Flights of Fancy*

Eavestroughs graced with draperies of icicles.—*E. A. H.*

Hooded clouds, like friars, telling their beads in drops of rain.—*Amelia Earhart.*

Morning: the time of day when the rising generation retires and the retiring generation arises.—*Thomas P. Borden.*

As satisfying as a completed yawn.—*J. Johnsen.*

Good company: someone who can kill an evening by keeping it alive.—*Shannon Fife.*

The drawn knees of the mountain.—*Lola Ridge.*

A soft, yellow light seeped out and buttered the snow.—*George Riemer.*

Early rising: triumph of mind over mattress.—*Breneman's Magazine.*

A Trappist reception hall covered with the dust of unused words.—*V. C. Myeres and F. E. Wolverton.*

Snow falling, white and without comment, in the dark night.—*Arizona Highways.*

The wild cavalry of winter winds.—*Edith Wharton.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Where martyrs rest

# CATACOMB BURIAL

By WALTER LOWRIE

Condensed chapter of a book\*

IT MAY be doubted whether a Christian art would ever have been born if it had not been born in the catacombs, where it was a spontaneous expression of the hope of everlasting life. The catacombs themselves, though they give proof of some skill in mensuration, are very far from being works of art, although they have a certain fascination for romantic minds.

When Antonio Bosio, at the end of the 16th century, rediscovered the forgotten catacombs, men were so amazed at their extent that they could not well believe the Christians in Rome were numerous enough in the ages of persecution to need so many tombs, or would be allowed to own them, or indeed be capable of carrying out so prodigious a work. On the other hand, they were inclined to exaggerate, to suppose that all the catacombs were connected with one another and with the churches within the walls, so that Christians when they were in danger could escape

to a safe hiding place. For it was supposed that the state was ignorant of the underground cemeteries, where Christians could live in times of persecution, and where they commonly resorted for worship. People are inclined to cling to such misconceptions only because they are romantic. We know now that the total length of the subterranean galleries is something like 550 miles, and that they were made expressly for Christian burial. They certainly were not made for Christian assemblies, for the galleries were barely a yard wide, and the chambers to which they led were not often large enough to contain 50 people, whereas by the middle of the 3rd century there were 40,000 Christians in Rome.

When we read that in times of danger Christians sometimes took refuge in the cemeteries, we are to understand that they dwelt for a time in buildings erected above ground, for no one could live long in the mephitic air of the tombs. There cer-



\*Art in the Early Church. 1947. Pantheon Books, 41 Washington Square, New York City. 420 pp. \$6.50.

tainly were buildings above ground, for there was nothing secret about the possession of the cemeteries; and the extent of the area was doubtless defined, as Roman custom prescribed, by an inscription on the portal which indicated so many feet *in fronte* (facing the road) and so many *in agro* (indicating depth). Utmost care was exercised not to transgress the limits and encroach upon neighbors. The first galleries were commonly traced along the boundaries of the property; those which were built later stopped when they met them. Even catacombs separated only by a public road were not united by tunnels under it.

How the Church, when a proscribed religion, managed to possess property by legal tenure is not clear, but the fact is indubitable. For during periods of persecution both churches and cemeteries were confiscated and afterwards returned to the Christians as their corporate property.

Wealthy Christians who gave their houses for public worship and made room in the neighborhood of their private tombs for burial of brethren would doubtless retain for a time the legal title to such places. At the beginning of the 2nd century many cemeteries, if not all, were recognized as the property of the Church. The biggest of them was then put by Bishop Zephyrinus under supervision of his deacon Callistus, who was destined to be his successor, and it still bears Callistus' name, although he was not buried there.

We may well wonder how the

Church would hold title to its properties within the city, but the cemeteries present a less difficult problem; for Roman law, which permitted the slaughter of Christian martyrs, protected their tombs. The mere act of burial, without any special act of consecration, put the grave under protection of the Pontifex Maximus. Severe penalties were attached to any violation of a sepulcher, and the protection accorded the grave was extended to the monument which adorned it, to the surrounding ground allotted to it, the buildings devoted to funeral feasts, and any other property devoted to its maintenance.

Because of their magnitude and complexity the Roman catacombs suggest that Christians preferred a singular mode of burial. But in fact there was nothing strange about it. The family subterranean chamber was a common feature of Etruscan and Roman burial. In the greater part of the empire, graves were dug beneath the surface, as they are now. Rome by reason of the character of its volcanic soil offered peculiar opportunities for construction of what we call catacombs; fortunately, for nowhere else were there so many Christians. Even at Syracuse, where catacombs were excavated in calcareous rock, the individual chambers and galleries had an amplitude far greater than those in Rome, as had those also at Naples, where they were dug in a harder tufa. The existence of Jewish and Gnostic catacombs at Rome also shows that the Church had not adopted a manner

of burial uncommon in the period.

But upon one thing the Christians insisted: they would not be buried with unbelievers, and they preferred to be buried near the martyrs. Hence, it was a matter of course that they should have their own cemeteries. "It is permissible to live with the pagans," said Tertullian, "but not to die with them."

The name *catacomb* was not used in early times for the subterranean cemeteries. The word *cemetery*, which means a sleeping place, is Greek, seldom used by the pagans but preferred by the Christians. Not till the Middle Ages was *catacomb* used for Christian cemeteries in general. In the first instance it designated a particular locality near the third milestone of the Via Appia, where now we find the Church of St. Sebastian and a catacomb bearing the same name. *Kumba* is a Greek word meaning a declivity; *kata* means *on*.

How aptly it was applied to this place we did not know till recent excavations under the church, which originally was dedicated by Constantine to the Apostles, revealed a steep ravine lined with tombs. Because of the belief that Peter and Paul had been for a while buried here, this cemetery, which was properly called *ad catacumbas*, was kept open and accessible to pilgrims until the 9th century, when all the other underground cemeteries were forgotten, and for this reason the particular name it bore was attributed to all similar burial places.

The cemetery of Domitilla shows

how irregular the construction often was. The galleries, barely a yard wide and not much more than a man's height, served principally to reach the burial chambers (*cubiculum* is the word used by archaeologists), but eventually they afforded room for undistinguished burials in shelf-like cavities excavated in the walls; and to afford more room the galleries were often made much higher by sinking the floor lower. Such a grave was originally called a *locus* (the archaeologists have invented the name *loculus*). The body was simply wrapped in a winding sheet and not often embalmed.

The *loculus* was then closed up with a stone slab, or simply with tiles imbedded in plaster, with or without painted inscription. A more distinguished grave was the *arcosolium*, which commonly had room for several bodies laid side by side, with the tombstone above it. Sarcophagi of clay, lead or stone, often without ornament, or simply ornamented or elaborately carved, were used for wealthy persons buried in the family chambers or crypts, and at a later time in the churches above ground.

The cemetery of Callistus had six levels. There was a limit, however, imposed by the quality of the soil and the depth at which water would be found. The tufa (a soft stone composed of volcanic ashes and sand) must be neither too hard nor too crumbly. Sometimes searchers were able to discover a catacomb by determining where it ought to be, that is,



where soil and lay of the land were favorable.

Evidently such vast works were not constructed haphazardly. They required skilled direction, not only for selection of sites but for extension of the excavations. In fact, the *fossores* (excavators) constituted a kind of guild. To them was committed preparation of the dead for burial, as well as their interment. But to their office there attached none of the ignominy which made contemptible the *vespilon*es who performed such functions in the pagan community. On the contrary, they were proud of their title and inscribed it upon their tombs as a mark of dignity and merit. In the 3rd century they were counted among the clergy as the lowest grade. In S. Callisto, the official catacomb of the Church, the *fossores* had a *cubiculum* of their own; and from several inscriptions it appears that in the 4th century they had in their hands the management of the cemeteries under the control of the superior clergy.

Although the catacombs were not expressly designed for public worship, it is evident that from the earliest times the Eucharist was celebrated there by family groups who came to bury their dead or to remember them a month later and on their anniversaries; for both the "month's mind" and the annual remembrance were observed even by the pagans. The so-called Greek chapel in the Catacomb of Priscilla represents a family group using the tombstone as an altar for the breaking of bread. There are other

crypts even more evidently designed as chapels. The papal crypt in the Catacomb of Callistus was furnished in the 4th century with altar and episcopal chair. Nine of the popes, from Pontianus to Eutychianus (with the sole exception of Callistus), were buried there. But more numerous gatherings for celebration of the funeral *agape* or love feast were accommodated in buildings erected above the catacombs. Such celebrations were but half in imitation of an apostolic custom, and half in conformity with pagan usage. They were called *refrigeria*, and because they were likely to be roisterous they were eventually discountenanced.

After the persecutions were over, the martyrs were zealously commemorated, not only in the memorial basilicas built above the catacombs, but in the crypts themselves, which were enlarged and decorated.

The catacombs were not much used for burial after the devastations by Alaric in 410, and subsequent invasions not only rendered the Campagna unsafe but left only too much room within the city for burials. Yet pious pilgrims from all lands continued to visit the martyrs' tombs, and the itineraries prepared for their use proved a precious aid to De Rossi, modern founder of the science of Christian archaeology, in his search for the catacombs, which were completely neglected after the relics of the saints had been brought during the 9th century within the city and were venerated in the basilicas.

# Christmas Continues

By FELIX MORLEY

Condensed from *Human Events*\*

CHRISTMAS lends itself to exploitation. Each year the business news carries many well-satisfied columns on volume of Christmas sales. The quantity will be analyzed by chambers of commerce and statisticians of high and low degree.

But here and there, for the most part in chambers less public than those of commerce, Americans concern themselves with the qualitative rather than the quantitative side of Christmas. They recall that it was not the gifts of the Magi which made the first Christmas. Something had occasioned those gifts. It was the birth of an innocent Child whose Mother laid him in a manger "because there was no room for them in the inn."

The reason for the absence of hotel accommodations is worthy of recollection. Caesar Augustus was a very modern potentate. That is demonstrated by his decree that all the world should be taxed. It was that decree which took Joseph and Mary from Galilee to Bethlehem, at the moment when "her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered."

Each of the four Gospels culminates in the story of the crucifixion. All that we know about the nativity is derived

from the brief reports by Matthew and Luke. Both those accounts emphasize the tremendous and arbitrary power of the state over the lives of men.

The journey to Bethlehem was undertaken because of the imperial decree of Caesar Augustus. And Matthew tells us that the immediately subsequent flight to Egypt was occasioned by the malevolence of local authority. It was the purpose of King Herod to slay the infant Jesus. When balked in this sinister intent he became "exceedingly angry, and sending killed all the men-children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under."

So much for Herod. His behavior serves to remind us that we have not yet slipped back to the complete ruthlessness that once ruled. Even the nazi gas chambers and our own atomic bombs were not applied to catch an individual through mass obliteration. It was only incidentally that we slew most of the babies under two years of age at Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and all the borders thereof. Most of us could do nothing to avert this slaughter of the innocents, though some may have breathed a prayer for their souls.

\*1323 M St., Washington, 5, D. C. Dec. 24, 1947.

We owe allegiance to an Authority higher than that of any man-made law. Cyrenius, who was governor of Syria when Christ was born, is gone. And Herod is gone. And even the great Caesar Augustus is gone, together with all the far-flung empire he ruled and taxed. But the Child who was cradled in a manger, in a poor village of a peripheral province of the Roman Empire, still lives!

Because of the state, the circumstances of His birth were abject. Because of the state His parents were forced to fly with Him in infancy. Because of the state He was eventually crucified, under conditions calculated to be as humiliating as those of the nativity. But what has happened is that the manger and the cross have become sanctified. In his lifelong struggle with political authority, Christ won. "The captains and the kings depart," Christmas continues.

In *The Golden Bough*, Sir James Frazer tells of many primitive peoples, including even the early Egyptians, who believed that their gods grew old and died. Being mortal themselves, and having created deities in their own image, it was natural for them to circumscribe the lives of their creatures. Thus the Greenlanders believed that a wind could kill their most powerful god, and that he would certainly die if he touched a dog. When they heard of the Christian God, they kept asking if He never died, and being informed that He did not, they were much surprised, and said that He must be a very great God indeed.

That was an eminently wise conclusion on the part of the Eskimos. The goodness of Christ is very important, but more important still is His Godness, His divinity. The virgin birth, which we celebrate on Christmas, is not only a matter for theological disquisition. It has political implications that are customarily overlooked.

If Jesus were merely an unusually moral human being, His exhortations could be observed, or disregarded, in conformity with the promptings of the individual intelligence. But once His divinity is accepted—and until relatively modern times it was never questioned by Christians—a moral authority superior to all earthly political rule is established. Conscience, which is that part of us which "knows with" God, is confirmed as the guide of individual conduct. The coming of Christ, in human form, therefore divided human allegiance between the sovereignty of God and that of Caesar. The latter became the lesser authority for all God-fearing men.

It might be said that we are at odds with Russia because the people cannot celebrate Christmas there. The whole theory of the authoritarian state, as carried to perfection under communism, is that the individual has no recourse from the edicts of his rulers. It is not only the ruble; it is God Himself that the communists devalue. The reasoning is almost unbelievably arrogant, yet it is undeniably logical.

"God," the communists argue, "is an idea which has attained reality in the minds of men. Conscience is the

link with God. If the idea of God can be obliterated, conscience will also atrophy. Like the appendix, it can be excised. Eliminate God and there will be no higher court to which to carry an appeal in behalf of liberty."

The Marxist effort to destroy the idea of God is almost certainly doomed to failure. The only thing that would make it succeed would be a U. S. war with Russia, so brutalizing, on top of what has already happened, that we would destroy the spirit of Christ in our own hearts. In that form of suicide we have already been more than half successful, which is why we are so afraid of communism today.

But still, within most U. S. citizens is more than a trace of our Christian heritage. There is a lot of empty lip service in the name of Christ, and in dirty patches throughout America there is no longer even nominal allegiance. Often, now, the name of Christ is invoked only as a curse. Identify those who spurn Christ and you will simultaneously locate the breeding ground of dictatorship. For when divine authority is degraded, political authority must be elevated. To the extent that men cannot be self-governing, literally, they must be governed by arbitrary rule.

For nearly 20 centuries the effort of political philosophy in the Christian world has been to reconcile the dilemma posed by the latent antagon-

ism between divine Authority and mundane authorities. Christmas focuses the conflict.

Some, whom we class as mystics, endeavor to ignore the political regulation of their routine activities, concentrating major effort on the development of an inner life. Others, the agnostics, endeavor to be indifferent to the existence of divine authority, and therefore have no spiritual urge to combat an earthly tyranny.

But a third type, fortunately still numerous in America, accepts the political challenge of Christianity with energy and enthusiasm. The endeavor of such valiant citizens, constant or sporadic, is to reconcile in their own lives the diverging mandates of divine and human law. The quality and consistency of this striving determines both the form and practice of the governments under which men live.

"This is the winter of our discontent." But in foul winters, as in fair, Christmas continues. As we prepare annually to add another number to the years of our Lord, comes Christmas to revive His challenge to our better selves. It is a holy day as well as a holiday. It is not wholly commercialized. It is a period when we remember that the basis of all civilization is the behavior of the individual.

And, like a star above the quagmire of our faults and failings, Christmas continues.



## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

THE BOOK OF SAINTS, compiled by the Benedictine Monks of St. Augustine's abbey, Ramsgate. 4th ed., rev. & enl. New York: Macmillan. 708 pp. \$6. A who's who of the known saints, some 6,000, with brief identifying biographies. Libraries and rectories will want this critical revision of a standard book of reference.

BOOKS ABOUNDING. Bimonthly. St. Paul, Minnesota: College of St. Catherine. \$1 a year. Reading guide for the college woman and graduate. Reviews and articles on new books and classics.

Burton, Katherine. DIFFICULT STAR. New York: Longmans. 239 pp. \$2.75. Well-told life story of Pauline Jaricot, foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, whose cause has been introduced in Rome.

De Hueck, Catherine. DEAR BISHOP. New York: Sheed & Ward. 96 pp. \$1.75. Letters from a saloon waitress to her bishop. Hunger, hate, hopelessness among girls thrown on their own; youth too much unaware of God and His Church to think of either in their worries.

Flesch, Rudolf. THE ART OF PLAIN TALK. New York: Harper. 210 pp. \$2.50. Breakdown of the kind of words easy to understand. It pays to use verbs and leave off the adjectives. Good chapters on jargon in government, science, and textbooks.

Houselander, Caryll. THE DRY WOOD. New York: Sheed & Ward. 257 pp. \$3. Novel reflecting the soul of a poor parish in London. Inarticulate and styleless holiness; evil void of a cultured malice. Ferment occasioned when the old priest dies and is besought for a miracle by his flock.

M., E. D. ALL ABOUT THE ANGELS. Lisbon, Portugal: Catholic Printing Press; [Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop.] 112 pp., paper. 50¢. The angels constitute the most wonderful group of created beings. They have a constant and intimate influence in our own lives. Everyone will enjoy this booklet.

Maynard, Theodore. HUMANIST AS HERO: *The Life of Sir Thomas More*. New York: Macmillan. 261 pp. \$3. Dynamic story that keeps human-interest elements to the fore. More was a good lawyer and witty scholar who joked his way to the scaffold but refused to comfort the wrongheadedness of the royal friend who sent him there.

RETURN TO POETRY: *Critical Essays from SPIRIT*, Edited by John Gilland Brunini, Francis X. Connolly, Joseph G. E. Hopkins. New York: McMullen. 289 pp. \$3. The heart of the poet grasps an inner beauty in the world, men's souls, and the vestiges of God in either. His poetry tells the vision to other men. Modern poetry needs a corrective, because the poets have seen only surface matter, or have spoken only to themselves.

Sedgwick, Henry Dwight. HORACE; a Biography. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 182 pp. \$3. Horace was a gentleman, though not a Christian. The measure in his thought, his devotion to familiar things find just appreciation in this sketch of his life and its reflection in his poems.

Steinbeck, John. THE PEARL. New York: Viking. 122 pp., illus., \$2. The great pearl that brought bad luck to its finder. Dramatic folk tale from the west coast of Mexico.



(Continued from back cover)

had been done. Yes, there had been perhaps a half dozen notices in the press. But that was all. It had simply been placed in booksellers' windows. The company had paper enough to print 30,000 copies. They lasted less than a week.

Like this. In a small bookstore on the main street of Aschaffenburg, a few copies were placed in the window. Within a week more than 1,500 persons had seen it, or heard of it from their friends, had come in and bought a copy. In those first 60 days more than a half-million subscriptions poured into the publishers' office.

Of that half-million 470,000 had to be refused because there was paper enough to print only 30,000 copies of the next issue. By now the number of people in Germany who want to subscribe come to around a million. If it were possible to print that many copies the CATHOLIC DIGEST would be read by at least 10 million persons, the greatest audience any Catholic publication would ever have had in the history of the world.

It is, of course, an opportunity for the Church which will not recur in this generation. It would help to implement the Marshall plan in Europe. It would counterbalance the weight of communist propaganda Russia is shipping into Germany. It would be a religious and patriotic gesture of international significance.

The only thing required to seize the opportunity is paper; and the only way paper can be shipped into Germany is *as a gift*, and the only thing required to obtain the gift paper is U. S. money. It must go as a gift because the Military Government forbids it to be shipped in any other way.

The paper required to print a half-million copies would cost about \$60,000 for the first six months.

The CATHOLIC DIGEST in the U. S. has been published for more than 11 years. In all that time it has never made any appeal for money for itself. It still does not ask anything for itself. But the time has come when it must ask for money to buy paper for the German edition. If we were not to ask, you, the readers, would rightly never forgive us for not having told you how you could so easily do such great good.

If every reader gives at least \$5, each of you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have: 1. helped spread Catholic doctrine by means of the Catholic Press during Catholic Press month; 2. helped practically the Marshall plan for the recovery of Europe; 3. helped positively to stem the evil influence of communist propaganda among our brothers in Christ abroad.

On our part we promise you that 100 cents of every dollar we receive will be spent on paper.

And, further, if you send us a great deal of money we shall spend some of it (again 100 cents to the dollar) to buy paper for the Japanese edition which is in preparation in Tokyo. It will probably experience a similar success, though a smaller one because of the very small number of Catholics in Japan (113,000 out of 76 million people).

—THE EDITORS

## Minds Across the Sea

THE editorial offices of *Der Katholischer Digest* are located in Aschaffenburg, a city of 40,000 population, 20 miles from Frankfurt.

The first issue of *Der Katholischer Digest* appeared in July, 1947. It met with instantaneous and fantastic success. The people in Germany had, for the past 14 years (since Hitler rose to power), been surrounded by a nazi iron curtain. No ideas could come in from the outside world. There were plenty of nazi ideas, however, dinned into their ears by radio, press, speeches, and hobnailed boots marching to the tempo of martial music.

That is over now, and the people are hungry. For food, yes, but for culture, too. Here comes a magazine, free as the air. It breathes of America. It is religious, but gay, optimistic, filled with the religious achievements of men and women who live in freedom. What happened?

In the first 60 days not one bit of advertising

(Continued on inside back cover)

# Katholischer Digest

n Gedankens

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